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At last—far off—at last, to All.'*—TENNYSON.

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*The Moral:* NATURE is only SUBDUED by OBEDIENCE to HER LAWS.

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### THE TRANSVAAL !!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA. LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG !!

*Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.*

I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid, I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, "TRUTH," November 16, 1896.'

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THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY 1897.

*THE ENGLISHMAN'S CALENDAR.*

MAY.

- 1 John Dryden, poet and dramatist, d. 1700.  
The Monthly Review first published, 1749.
- 2 c. The Vision of Piers Plowman, 1369.
- 3 Battle of Cape Finisterre, Admiral Anson, 1747.
- 4 Stationers' Company incorporated, 1557.  
Isaac Barrow, divine, d. 1677.  
Storm of Seringapatam, General Lord Harris, 1799.
- 5 Samuel Cooper, miniature painter, d. 1672.
- 6 Sir James Simpson, physician, d. 1870.
- 7 John Guillim, herald, d. 1621.
- 8 John Stuart Mill, philosopher, d. 1873.
- 9 Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, 1828.  
Samuel Cousins, mezzotint engraver, b. 1801.
- 10 Dr. Thomas Young, physical optician, d. 1829.
- 11 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, statesman, d. 1778.  
The Delhi powder magazine blown up, 1857.
- 12 The Volunteer Rifle Corps formed, 1859.
- 13 William Faithorne, engraver, buried, 1691.
- 14 First experiment in steam navigation, 1788.
- 15 Michael Balfe, musician, b. 1808.
- 16 Boswell's Life of Johnson published, 1791.
- 17 Edward Jenner, physician, b. 1749.
- 18 Pitt's East India Bill passed, 1784.  
Sir John Franklin's last voyage, 1845.
- 19 St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, statesman, d. 988.  
Battle of Cape La Hogue, Admiral Russell, 1692.
- 20 Trinity House incorporated, 1515.
- 21 Elizabeth Fry, philanthropist, b. 1780.  
Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst b. 1772.
- 22 Maria Edgeworth, author, d. 1849.
- 23 Sir Charles Barry, architect, b. 1795.  
Thomas Hood, poet and humourist, b. 1799.
- 24 Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, statesman, d. 1612.  
The Toleration Act, 1689.

- 25 Return of the Challenger, 1876.
- 26 Bæda, historian, d. 735.
- 27 Habeas Corpus Act, 1679.  
Sir Thomas Munro, Indian civilian, b. 1761.
- 28 John Dollond, optician, elected F.R.S., 1761.
- 29 Sir Humphry Davy, chemist, d. 1829.
- 30 Alexander Pope d. 1744.  
Girton College incorporated, 1872.
- 31 Frobisher's polar expeditions, 1576, 1577, 1578.

(1) The 'Monthly Review' was the earliest literary periodical started in England ; the founder and publisher was Ralph Griffiths. (4) Barrow, besides being a great scholar and theological writer, was a distinguished mathematician. Sir Isaac Newton was his pupil at Cambridge, in whose favour he resigned the Lucasian professorship in 1669. (10) To Dr. Thomas Young is principally owing the establishment of the undulatory theory of light. (11) This heroic act, which saved the vast stores of ammunition in the magazine from falling into the hands of the mutineers, was performed by Lieutenant Willoughby and eight others under him, five of whom perished in the explosion. (12) The date of the Queen's Proclamation. (14) Patrick Miller first proved the practicability of steam navigation by an experiment on the lake at Dalswinton House, where a boat twenty-five feet long and seven broad was successfully worked on this date. (18) In this memorable voyage the adventure of the North-west passage, first attempted nearly 300 years earlier by Frobisher (31), was at length achieved. The heroes of it all perished, and proofs of their success did not reach the world until 1859, after the discovery of another passage by Sir James McClure in 1856. (27) Speaking of Munro, George Canning told the House of Commons that 'Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, fertile as it was in heroes, a more skilful soldier.' (28) The inventor of achromatic object-glasses.

J. M. S.

## NAPOLEON ON ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

## AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

NAPOLEON DIED MAY 5, 1821.

'I HAVE passed these three last days amidst the camp and in the harbour.' Thus Napoleon wrote to Cambacérès in 1803 from Boulogne. 'From the heights of Ambleteuse I saw the coast of England as distinctly as one sees the Church of Calvary from the Tuilleries. The houses and movement were quite distinguishable. It is a ditch that will be crossed when there is boldness to attempt it.' The man who thus, half contemptuously, half confidently, dreamed of the conquest of the stretch of land beyond what he called the 'ditch,' uttered, at different times, some remarkable opinions about England and the English. The record of some of these opinions may prove a curious chronicle of the vagaries of one of the master minds of the century.

## I.

Educated at the military schools of Brienne and Paris, Bonaparte had, of course, studied in text-books the campaigns of Henry V. and of Cromwell, of William III. and of Marlborough, of Peterborough, of Clive and of Wolfe. During his hours of leisure he had read, among the foreign authors, Alexander Pope and Laurence Sterne. He raved over Ossian with sentimental enthusiasm. There is a letter extant in which he asks his father to send him a copy of the 'Account of Corsica,' by James Boswell. He was then simply a young officer, ready for military adventure; ready, if called, to test brains and battalions with a nation which he had in his student days been taught to look upon as the hereditary foe of his adopted country. When at Toulon, when discussing the affairs of Corsica, and when conducting those brilliant campaigns in Italy, Bonaparte occasionally, it is true, referred in disparaging terms to the hardy islanders who, with their colonists and their battleships, had encompassed the globe. But the tone of hostility was purely academic or professional. When he set out for Egypt, however, there came a change. Then his official missives first

began to be dotted with the stock phrases so regularly employed by him during the next twenty years. ' Soldiers,' he harangued before Alexandria, ' you are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which will be incalculable on civilisation and the commercial world. You will deal England the surest and most sensible blow while waiting to kill her outright. You will have to make some fatiguing marches ; you will have to fight several battles ; but you will succeed in all your enterprises ; the fates are for us ! ' He himself was as yet unruffled. There was still no personal animus. His services, not his passions, were enlisted in the cause for which he fought. He was still the professional officer acting under orders. This mental neutrality was not of long duration.

Bonaparte seems to have first firmly resolved to smash the power of England after George III. had, by the pen of Grenville, so arrogantly and so curtly answered his overtures for peace, doubted his motives, and challenged his position. The First Consul, deeply wounded in his pride, neither forgot nor forgave this direct insult. The memory of his experiences with Sir Sidney Smith and the English in Egypt also did not tend to soften his aggressive spirit. For a time there was a hollow truce between France and England. Bonaparte meanwhile complained incessantly of the scurrility of the papers printed about him abroad. These prints lashed him into fury, but yet he was anxious to know their contents.

' When he was being shaved,' says Bourrienne, ' I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the "Moniteur." ' He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. ' Pass over all that,' he would say, while I was perusing the French papers, ' I know it already. They say only what they think will please me.' ' He took good care that his people spoke and wrote only well of himself and his administration. He always showed a disposition to check all free expression of public opinion when that opinion was contrary to his views and purposes. Oftentimes he was nettled that foreign governments did not show the same zeal in this direction. Stanislas de Girardin reports a conversation which he had with the Consul on the subject of the liberty of the press abroad. ' I had proposed,' remarked Bonaparte, ' to the British Minister to make an arrangement for several months, by which a law should be passed in France and in England prohibiting newspapers and the members of the Government from expressing either good or ill of foreign governments. He would

never consent to it.' 'He could not,' answered Girardin. 'Why?' asked Bonaparte. 'Because,' answered Girardin, 'an agreement of that sort would have been opposed to the fundamental law of the country.' 'I have a very poor opinion of a government,' concluded the Consul, 'which is not strong enough to interdict things objectionable to foreign governments.' Bonaparte was particularly angry with the leading journal of London. '"The Times,"' he objected, 'which they say is officially inspired, abounds in continual invectives against France. Two of its four precious pages are daily used in order to disseminate the most stupid calumnies. Everything that the imagination can conjure up of what is base, vile, wicked, this miserable sheet ascribes to the French Government. Who pays it? What is its object?' Peltier and Goldsmith, two rabid pamphleteers, were particularly hateful to the man in power, and he had the satisfaction of seeing Peltier brought to trial and convicted of libel, though eloquently defended by Mackintosh. Bonaparte believed in an aristocracy of marshals and in a legislature of mutes. He thought that political matters ought to be discussed in cabinets with closed doors, not in parliaments with open galleries. All publicity was distasteful to him—except such as he manufactured himself. 'Let Fox, Pitt, or Addington,' he said, when Consul, 'be more dexterous than the other in the conduct of a parliamentary intrigue or more eloquent in Parliament, and we shall have war instead of peace. . . . Think of delivering the fate of the world to such levers!' Meanwhile he became more and more jealous of the commercial and naval supremacy of his rival.

'The English,' he advised Decaen, 'are masters of the Indian Continent; they are uneasy and jealous in their domination. . . . You must keep a watchful eye on those princes and populations who submit with rankling animosity to the British sway.'

Madame de Rémusat gives us a picture of Bonaparte's literary tastes as evinced in conversation at the Malmaison. 'The First Consul passed the living authors in review, and spoke of Ducis, whose style he did not admire. He deplored the mediocrity of our tragic poets, and said that, above everything in the world, he should like to recompense the author of a fine tragedy. I ventured to say that Ducis had spoilt the "Othello" of Shakespeare. This long English name, coming from my lips, produced a sensation among our silent and attentive audience in epaulettes. Bonaparte did not altogether like anything English being praised.

We argued the point awhile. All I said was very commonplace; but I had named Shakespeare, I had held my own against the Consul, I had praised an English author. What audacity! What a prodigy of erudition! I was obliged to keep silence for several days after.' Fox, Holland, Cornwallis, when they called on Bonaparte during the cessation of hostilities, were cordially received. He naturally was kindly disposed towards public men who had so often championed his policy in their country. But Pitt, Grenville, Addington, Windham, Hawkesbury he detested. Whitworth, the ambassador of Great Britain, appears to have had the faculty of irritating him by reason of his impassive demeanour and his cautious reserve. One interview between Bonaparte and Whitworth was characterised by words so violent as to be almost unique in the annals of diplomacy. 'The English want war,' exclaimed the Consul at this interview, 'but if they are the first to draw their swords from the scabbards, I shall be the last to sheathe the sword again! They don't respect treaties! Henceforth treaties must be covered with black crape!' The intercourse between the two nations became daily more envenomed. Bonaparte was especially incensed at the shelter and support which conspirators against his sovereignty found in the purlieus of Westminster. All the while he was making elaborate preparations for the coming contest.

'I beg you will have a song written for the invasion of England to the tune of the "Chant du Départ;" have several songs written on the subject to different airs,' he instructed Chaptal. 'I know that several comedies appropriate to the circumstance have been presented. A choice should be made so that they may be played in the various theatres of Paris, and especially at the camps of Boulogne, Bruges, and other places where the army is quartered.' 'I trust, Vice-Admiral,' he addressed Villeneuve, 'you have arrived at Brest. Come on, lose not a moment, and with my united fleets enter the Channel. England is ours!'

## II.

England, despite gigantic difficulties, was ready for the combat. Pitt was at the helm. He employed two methods of attack against Napoleon. He fought him with fleets. He fought him with subsidies. Pitt calculated that while Napoleon was kept engaged on the Continent he would have neither the time

nor the means to attempt to move his forces on towards London. England, strong in her navy, proud of her commerce, was the mistress of the seas. France, powerful with her army, was the mistress of vassal states. France had the greater population; England, the greater wealth. Hundreds of millions, in loans and subsidies, had England lavished among the nations. Small wonder, then, that Napoleon so acrimoniously and so repeatedly referred to her use of gold in fighting him. He saw its glitter everywhere. Everywhere he heard its clink. With fevered imagination he pictured its potent effect at every court, in every conspiracy, in every war office, on every battlefield. He was, at first, confident of successfully passing the Channel. 'This war has been lasting several centuries,' he remarked to Pelet de La Lozère. 'It will last several centuries more unless we have the satisfaction of humiliating England. The English Government has fallen into the hands of some forty families, which are foreign to the country. That oligarchy has easily laid down the law to the House of Brunswick. But this state of affairs cannot last.'

Notwithstanding these bold prognostications, Napoleon was foiled by the ubiquitous sea power which he affected to despise. Ganteaume and Villeneuve failed to carry out his plans. 'Your Villeneuve,' exclaimed Napoleon to Decrès, 'is not fit to command even a frigate. What is to be said of a man who on account of a few sick sailors, a broken bowsprit, some shivered sails, a mere rumour of Nelson and Calder joining, loses his head and abandons his purposes?' Napoleon issued no proclamation after Trafalgar. He said nothing of Nelson. He only suggested that the papers should print as little as possible about that terrific sea fight. Grievous was his disappointment. Addressing the soldiers after the battle of Ulm there was a wail of chagrin amid the paeon of triumph. 'In a fortnight we have accomplished a campaign,' he declared. 'We have driven the troops of Austria out of Bavaria. . . . But what does this matter to England? She has attained her end. We are no longer at Boulogne! . . . But we shall not stop there,' he continued. 'You are impatient to commence the second campaign. This Russian army, which English gold has transported from the extremities of the universe, must experience a similar fate. . . . They have no generals in fighting against whom I can attain glory. All my care shall be directed towards obtaining victory with the least possible effusion of blood. My soldiers are my children.' Before and after Austerlitz he had his

inveterate foe in mind. ‘ Soldiers, I will myself direct your battalions. . . . Let not the ranks be thinned under the pretext of removing the wounded, and let each one be firmly impressed with this conviction, that these mercenaries of England, who are animated with so great a hatred against our nation, must be conquered.’ After the battle, according to Bausset, Denon presented for the approval of the Emperor a series of medals intended to immortalise the souvenir of that meteoric campaign. Denon showed his master one medal especially which represented the eagle of France strangling in his claws the leopard of England. Furiously the master threw it away and shouted: ‘ How dare you say that the French eagle is strangling the English leopard, when I can’t launch even a single little fishing smack without the English capturing it? Have that medal melted down and don’t dare to present me with another like it! ’

While commanding armies in the field, Napoleon kept his eye on the public prints issued at home and abroad. Mounier and twelve clerks were kept continually busy extracting, translating, and abridging the contents of the newspapers of Great Britain. ‘ The “ Débats,” ’ he wrote to Regnier, ‘ has published two articles dated from Germany. I wish to know the source of these articles, and who paid for alarming the nation with the echo of rumours spread by England. Order the “ Débats ” to contradict these false reports in a suitable manner. I am not more satisfied with the contents of the “ Mercure.” I wish to know if the brothers Bertin, who have been constantly in the English pay, own the “ Débats ” and the “ Mercure.” ’ ‘ It seems to me,’ he complained to Fouché, ‘ that the papers do not sufficiently stir up public opinion. Our papers are read everywhere—above all in Hungary. See to it that articles are inserted which may let the Germans and Hungarians know how thoroughly they are the dupes of England, and that the Emperor of Germany sells his people for gold.’

Napoleon found time amid his multifarious occupations to indulge in reading some of the authors of Great Britain. His library was carefully selected for him. On the shelves at the Tuilleries or the Trianon were ranged Gibbon’s ‘ Roman Empire,’ Ferguson’s ‘ Roman Republic,’ Gordon’s ‘ Tacitus ’ and ‘ Sallust,’ Roscoe’s ‘ Leo X.,’ Watson’s ‘ Philip II.,’ Hume’s ‘ England,’ Robertson’s ‘ Scotland ’ and ‘ America,’ Gordon’s ‘ Ireland,’ all in translated form. There was also an edition of Cook’s ‘ Voyages,’

Milton was there, three editions, all in translations. Richardson, Smollett, and Fielding he had read when a young man. Ossian was always a favourite of his, but Shakespeare was not. 'They wax enthusiastic over England,' he said, according to Thibaudeau, 'and English literature on mere hearsay. Shakespeare was steeped in oblivion for two hundred years even in England. Suddenly it pleased Voltaire, who lived at Geneva and saw many Englishmen, to praise that author in order to ingratiate himself with them. The word went round that Shakespeare was the foremost writer of the world. I have read him. There is nothing in him that can touch Corneille and Racine. It is impossible to read one of his plays. They are pitiable. As for Milton, there isn't anything in him save his invocation of the sun and two or three other passages. The rest is nothing but a rhapsody. I like Velly better than Hume.'

Eager to effect the commercial ruin of England by sealing up the foreign markets against her, Napoleon often worked public opinion against her. He was enraged by the magic which those golden sovereigns so often had in battering down his most stupendous combinations. He commanded his editors as he commanded his generals. He endeavoured to form literary embargoes as he had formed mercantile blockades. 'The trend of the papers,' he dictated to Fouché, 'ought to be in this direction: attack England, her methods, her customs, her literature, her constitution. . . . Have some well-written articles printed that may give the lie to the story of the onward march of the Russians, to the interview between the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Austria, and to those ridiculous rumours which have their origin in the fog and spleen of England.' After Jena, while issuing one of his magnificently mendacious bulletins, he did not forget to give the redcoats a thrust. 'Lord Morpeth, the English envoy to the Prussian Court, during Jena, was at six leagues from the field of battle; he heard the cannon. A courier told him that the battle was lost, and in a moment he was surrounded by fugitives. He fled, crying, "I must not be taken." He offered sixty guineas for a horse, obtained one, and escaped.' For years Napoleon held kings and princes as his vassals. Finally came the revolt. They united and swept him to his ruin. In the hour of adversity his harangues still had their note of defiance to England. 'Soldiers, I have need of you! The hideous presence of the leopard (England) defiles the continents of Spain and Portugal; at your

aspect, let him fly away in terror! Let us carry our triumphant eagles to the pillars of Hercules; there, also, we have insults to avenge. . . . Soldiers, you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you equalled the glories of the armies of Rome, who, in the same campaign, triumphed on the Rhine, the Euphrates, in Illyria, and on the Tagus? Your Emperor is in the midst of you; you are the advance guard of a great people. If it be necessary, the nation will rise at my voice in order to confound and dissolve this new league woven by the hatred and the gold of England!'

All was of no avail. Napoleon, compelled to abdicate at Fontainebleau, was deported to Elba. Viscount Ebrington and Sir Neil Campbell had interviews with him at this period. Whether from natural duplicity or shrewd policy, he now expressed himself with most noteworthy moderation. 'Yours is the greatest of all nations,' he confessed to Sir Neil Campbell. 'I esteem it more than any other. I have been your greatest enemy—frankly such; but I am so no longer. I have wished likewise to raise the French nation, but my plans have not succeeded. It is all destiny.' Ebrington recounts his conversation thus: 'John Bull is steady and solid, and attached to ancient establishments, and so different in character from the Frenchman that there is no bringing the two countries into comparison.' Fox was the object of favourable comment. 'He spoke of his oratory, as compared with that of Mr. Pitt; and asked if the former was not more in the style of Demosthenes and the other in that of Cicero, and discussed the two styles as if he was well acquainted with their authors.' 'What would they do with me if I came to England?' Napoleon suddenly asked Ebrington. 'Would they stone me?' I replied that he would be perfectly safe there. . . . He said, smiling, 'I think, however, there would always be some risk with one of your London mobs.' Napoleon made further comparisons between the two countries in his off-hand, self-confident manner. 'In England,' he said, 'a man who quits his party is, to a certain degree, disgraced, unless he has some good reason to assign for it; whereas in France they change sides just as it may suit their present interests, without feeling accountable to anyone.' 'If I had remained in France,' he continued, 'I would in time also have had a navy. I don't say it would have beaten yours, but I would have had one.' Thus amiable and seemingly devoid of further ambition, Napoleon was yet the man who, in less than a year

after these conversations, escaped from Elba, and who staked all and lost all at Waterloo. Even then, of all countries, he chose England as a land of refuge. Why? Méneval, who met him walking in the garden of the Malmaison after the rout, tells the story. 'He told me,' says he, 'that his first intention had been to go to America, but, as there were some obstacles in the way of the realisation of this plan, he intended to go and live in England, and added that he meant to insist on the rights which were enjoyed by every English citizen.'

### III.

Never was letter more ingenious and more apparently ingenuous than the one which Napoleon, beset and beaten by the allied armies, addressed to the Prince Regent. 'Royal Highness,—The victim of the factions which divide my country, and of the hostility of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to share the hospitality of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, and I claim that from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.' This letter and his printed protest were disregarded. He was this time exiled to St. Helena. The Powers considered him a person dangerous to the public peace, and accordingly resolved to take every precaution that he should not again break loose and rush the nations into war. Naturally the illustrious prisoner fretted under the restraints placed upon him, and now indulged in the most severe animadversions upon the government and the policy of England. 'They have made a shop of the Cabinet of St. James,' he exclaimed scornfully to Las-Cases. 'In your country particularly,' he remarked to O'Meara, 'every man has his trade; the member of Parliament takes money for his vote, the ministers for their places.' He harped continually on the mercenary side of the politics of England. Now and then he was retrospective, and hinted at what he would have done if fortune had favoured him. 'I possessed the finest army that ever existed, that of Austerlitz,' he said to Las-Cases. 'Four days would have sufficed to bring me to London. I should not have entered the city as a conqueror, but as a liberator; I should have been another William III., but more generous, more disinterested. . . . I should not even have exacted contributions from the English.' He generally qualified

his praise of the English. Thus he said to O'Meara, 'The sea is yours; your seamen are as much superior to us as the Dutch were once to you. I think, however, that the Americans are better seamen than yours because they are less numerous.' Napoleon, gifted with genius of the first order, so keen, so intelligent, so quick in judgment; so true in grasping situations and problems the most complex, had yet an extremely imperfect appreciation of the character and resources of a great people. He often contradicted himself when speaking or writing about them. He seemed to see everything that related to this people through the disturbing medium of an irrepressible imagination. He thus concluded that his neighbours across the Channel were simply a band of bribable politicians ruling a nation of shopkeepers. 'The English soldier is brave,' he said on another occasion to O'Meara, 'nobody more so, and the officers are generally men of honour, but I do not think them yet capable of executing great manœuvres. I think that if I were at the head of them I could make them do anything.'

He re-read Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' while in exile, and, though he considered many of the economist's points well taken, he did not think them applicable in practice. Montholon records that he had the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton and the 'Robinson Crusoe' of Defoe read aloud to him during some of his lonely hours. The campaigns of Marlborough always fascinated him, and in his island home he dictated notable commentaries upon them. Coxe's 'Life of Marlborough,' sent to him by Lord Robert Spencer, he found delightful reading. Montesquieu, however, he considered a mere blind partisan of the British Constitution, and therefore he spoke rather coldly and disparagingly of him. 'Tacitus wrote romances. Gibbon is a *clabaudeur*. Machiavelli is the only book one can read.' Abbé de Pradt represents Napoleon as expressing this literary dictum in the days of his imperial power. While in exile the fallen ruler denied that he had ever made so sweeping a statement. Lord Holland informs us that he turned the pages of the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly' while in banishment, and was on one occasion quite astonished at some of the anecdotes about himself which he found in them. 'Where on earth have they been to hunt that out?' he exclaimed. 'But I recollect it. Where on earth could those English fellows get at it?'

Betsy Balcombe, that hoydenish girl of sixteen with whom

Napoleon often used to romp in merry mood, throws an idyllic charm over the declining days of that tragic career in the book of souvenirs she has left us. The girl shows the general in a most lovable light. He would often, she says, twit her upon the bibulous proclivities of her countrymen and countrywomen. 'One day, to annoy me, he said that my countrywomen drank gin and brandy, and then added in English, "You laike verre mosch dreenk, Meess, sometime brandee, gin . . . !"' Miss Balcombe protested against this accusation. 'At last he confessed, laughing, that he had made the accusation only to tease me. When I was going away he repeated, "You laike dreenk, Meess Betsee—dreenk, dreenk!"' 'With respect to the English language I have been very diligent,' he said to Warden one day. 'I now read your newspapers with ease, and must own they afford me no inconsiderable amusement. They are occasionally inconsistent and sometimes abusive. In one paper I am called a liar, in another a tyrant, in a third a monster, and in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a coward.' Sir Hudson Lowe he execrated. 'I never see him,' he observed to Montholon, 'but I think of the assassin of Edward II. in Berkeley Castle, heating red hot the iron which was to be the instrument of his crime.'

O'Meara records some more of his confidences. 'Your nation,' he remarked, 'is chiefly guided by interest in all its actions. I have found since I have fallen into your hands that you have no more liberty than other countries. I have paid dearly for the romantic and chivalric ideas I had formed of you. . . . English soldiers are not equal in address, activity, or intelligence to the French. When they get from under the fear of the lash they obey nobody. In a retreat they cannot be managed; and if they meet with wine they are so many devils, and adieu to subordination. I saw the retreat of Moore, and I never witnessed anything like it. It was impossible to collect or to make them do anything. Nearly all were drunk. Your officers depend for promotion on interest or money. Your soldiers are brave, no one can deny it, but it was bad policy to encourage the military mania instead of sticking to your marine, which is the real force of your country, and one which, while you preserve it, will always render you powerful.' Now and then, again, Napoleon dreamed of mighty schemes even for the capital of the country which he now so frequently and so relentlessly abused. 'I

would,' he exclaimed, 'beautify London by building two great quays along the whole length of the Thames, by making two great streets the one from Charing Cross to St. Paul's, the other from St. Paul's to the river.' In his conversations while in exile he reverted again and again to Pitt. 'The policy of Lord Chatham,' he remarked to Las-Cases, 'may have had its unjust features so far as we were concerned, but at least he proclaimed his theories with boldness and energy. M. Pitt introduced trickery and hypocrisy into the policy of England, and Lord Castlereagh, his self-styled heir, has injected into it the essence of every kind of baseness and immorality. Chatham was proud to have come from the commercial classes. Lord Castlereagh, to the great detriment of his nation, has given himself the pleasure of playing the fine gentleman and associating with the great people of the Continent. . . . The poor Constitution is sadly compromised nowadays. We are a long way from Fox, Sheridan and Grey, those talented men, those sterling men of the Opposition whom the oligarchy has so heaped with obloquy.' Pitt and Fox were almost constantly in his thoughts. 'Pitt was the master spirit,' said he, 'of the entire politics of Europe. He held in his hands the moral fate of peoples. He abused the power. He set fire to the universe.' Of course Fox came in for words of praise. 'He was a model for public men, and his school of public men is bound sooner or later to rule the world. He was sincere, straightforward, and square. Half a dozen men like Fox would make the moral fortune of a nation.'

Napoleon, who had lived and ruled in a country where the form of government changed so frequently within a few years, had, or said he had, serious misgivings as to the stability of the government of some of the other countries of his time. 'When,' wrote he, 'in a government the king, the nobles, and the people share in the supreme authority, and when one of these three powers is not absolute, frequent revolutions harass the State. You will cite England and the United States to me; but these are modern republics, and they will end as all others have ended by giving themselves a master.'

Occasionally Napoleon took his imprisonment rather philosophically. They brought him books, pamphlets, squibs, cartoons that had been launched against him. He laughed at them good-naturedly, said that in spite of libels he had no fear for the greatness of his renown. But these moments of good humour were

fleeting. Hot resentment generally coursed through that impressionable soul of his and found its vent in denunciations. 'Ah,' he exclaimed to Las-Cases, 'Wellington ought to put up a fine candle at the altar of Blucher! Without Blucher I don't know where "His Grace," as they call him, would have been. As for me, I am pretty sure I should not have been here. . . . Wellington possesses only a special kind of talent. . . . Fortune has done more for him than he has done for her. How different from Marlborough, of whom he seems to consider himself the rival and equal! Marlborough, while he gained battles, ruled cabinets and guided statesmen. Wellington has only shown himself capable of following the views and plans of Castlereagh. . . . He has reaped the harvest of a prodigious victory. But did his genius prepare the harvest? His glory is altogether negative. . . . His victories, their result, their influence will grow on the page of history, but his personal fame will diminish even in his own time.'

Despite all these eccentric explosions, all these caustic criticisms, all these pessimistic pronouncements, the stern fact remains that Napoleon, after overrunning as conqueror a continent in arms, found one nation more than his match, and never succeeded in entering with victorious eagles the capital of Great Britain.

LEW ROSEN.

THE BOARDING-OFFICER OF THE ALABAMA.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the United States steamer *Kearsarge* sank the Confederate States steamer *Alabama* to the bottom of the British Channel, on Sunday, June 19, 1864, a couple of oars and her 'name-board' were the solitary vestiges of the unfortunate letter of marque left afloat. But the boats of Mr. John Lancaster's yacht, the *Deerhound*, which rendered such timely assistance in rescuing the captain and many of the crew of the *Alabama*, also rescued a certain amount of personal property. This included the diary of day-to-day events during the cruise of the latter ship, kept by her boarding-officer, an Englishman, named George Townley Fullam. This record, which I have recently been privileged to peruse, has never been printed in any shape or form. And yet it constitutes a valuable foot-note to history, seeing that we are almost wholly dependent upon Admiral Semmes' delightful, but necessarily biased, book for a connected account of the celebrated 'corsair's' doings—doings so daring and so deadly that for two whole years they sufficed to paralyse the commerce of the Power with which Admiral Semmes' employers were at war. It is true that we have had several magazine articles of greater or less interest, since republished in the fascinating volumes entitled 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.' It can scarcely be claimed, however, that these, any more than the Admiral's evidence, are free from the tinge of bias.

This, then, is my excuse for reviewing in these pages an unpublished narrative which derives enhanced value from the fact that its author was at once boarding-officer, navigating officer, and master's mate of the *Alabama*. He joined 'Number 290' on July 29, 1862—the date of her pretended 'trial trip' from the Messrs. Laird's yard at Birkenhead, which was destined

<sup>1</sup> This article is placed before the readers of the *Cornhill*, not as a glorification of the deeds of that notable 'salt-water thief' the *Alabama*, for whose misdeeds of rebellious pillage England paid as dearly as the United States, but as a most interesting contribution to contemporary history. It is to be hoped that the article will bring home to the British public the terrific injury to commerce which can be effected by a single swift cruiser, and so help them to understand how needful, nay, essential, for our commercial safety is the complete and absolute command of the sea.—ED. *Cornhill*.

to terminate at Terceira, in the Azores, on August 10 ensuing. It was while here, on the 13th of the same month, taking in stores and guns, that her real character became known through the indiscretion of the purser. However, the danger of capture was happily evaded, albeit a United States warship was cruising about in the offing; and the active career of the privateer—or, as the picturesque aphorism of the United States Navy called her, 'the pirate'—commenced. Under date 'August 23, 1862,' our diarist has the following entry: 'Was this day appointed acting master's mate to the *Alabama*.' Admiral, or, as he would then be styled, Captain Semmes formally took over the command, and signalled his doing so by hoisting the Confederate ensign at the peak, the English St. George's Cross at the fore, and the pennant at the main, saluting his flag or flags as they shook to the breeze. Semmes, we are informed, made a stirring speech to his new and polyglot command, in which he stated that 'his principal object was to cripple the commerce of the enemy; he was not going to fight a fifty-gun ship, but as soon as they had become proficient in the use of their weapons he would give them an opportunity to show the world what they were made of.' Cheers loud and long greeted this warlike declaration.

The non-naval reader will speedily grasp the fact that it was the mission of the boarding-officer to board every merchantman spoken by the privateer, for the purpose of verifying her nationality, examining her papers, and (if a prize) superintending the removal of her cargo and the application of the torch. 'To all the prizes we had so far captured,' says the diary under date September 9, 1862, 'we hoisted English colours, and exchanged them for Confederate as soon as the boarding-officer gained the vessel's deck.' The grim entries, 'gave her to the flames' and 'put crew in irons,' are of frequent occurrence in these time-stained pages. The reason for both is obvious to any student of the American Civil War. Several times did Admiral Semmes take his prizes into a neutral port, only to be deprived of his prey either by the action of the shore authorities, that of the commander of the prize himself, or of the two in concert. This, however, applies more to Semmes' first ship, the *Sumter*. By the time the *Alabama* came into being he had learnt greater wisdom, and his prizes were invariably destroyed at sea. As for the matter of the ironing, this appears to have been intended as an act of reprisal, by reason of the harsh treatment believed to

have been meted out to Confederate prisoners. It must also be borne in mind that intense excitement had been caused throughout the Southern States owing to the seizure of the Confederate agents, Mason and Slidell, when voyaging in the British mail-steamer *Trent*, by the Federal warship, *San Jacinto*. Reports were circulated that the American marines threatened Miss Slidell with their bayonets on her stepping in front of her father. Anyway, intense hatred of Captain Wilkes of the *San Jacinto* was manifested by the *Alabama*'s crew.

Mention of Captain Wilkes' ship reminds me that on p. 45 of the diary I find a vivid account of the *Alabama*'s narrow escape from falling into the clutches of the *San Jacinto*. At this time (November 19, 1862) the privateer lay at anchor, peacefully enough, in the harbour at Port Royal, Martinique. But she had already so crippled and paralysed the enemy's commerce, in the few short months that she had held the high seas, that a veritable fleet of cruisers was engaged in scouring the ocean for her. Now the *San Jacinto* mounted fourteen guns (twelve 68-pounders and two 11-inch shell-guns), the *Alabama* eight. The situation was not pleasing for the privateersmen, as the infuriated Northerners would in all likelihood have hanged Semmes and his officers as pirates, could they have caught them. 'At first sight it had been our captain's intention to go out and give the enemy battle; but after deliberation he determined to wait until darkness set in. . . . Before sundown every preparation had been made for battle, the enemy [being] apparently pretty active in making preparations also. The broadside guns were loaded with shot and the pivot guns with shell. "All hands up anchor!" That was soon accomplished. All lights were then extinguished, and we steamed cautiously across the harbour along the shore. Dismissed the pilot, called all hands to quarters, and ran out the guns, all expecting to hear a bang from the enemy. Signal lights were observed from a Yankee vessel in harbour. The light was very favourable to us, the enemy's vessel not having been seen since the last particle of daylight allowed us to see anything, she then being about the centre of the harbour, evidently on the alert. After the pilot had left us the engines were set going, and away we steamed at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. At 9.20, all danger of interception being over, the guns were run in and secured, and all hands piped down. . . . We learnt afterwards that the *San Jacinto* had two

boats on the look-out that evening, and had a set of signals instituted by which a Yankee vessel inside the harbour could afford him information of our movements. I believe the authorities arrested her captain for signalling our departure; yet, notwithstanding the facilities at the *San Jacinto's* command, *she blockaded the port four days and nights after we left.*

Such pictures as this give a realistic impression of the manner in which the privateersmen went about their work carrying their lives in their hands, so to speak. While on the subject of the *Alabama's* speed, it may be mentioned that whereas Admiral Semmes in his book states that thirteen knots and a quarter was the utmost she could make, Boarding-officer Fullam cites instances of her doing fifteen.

There is a darker side to the cruise of the *Alabama* than the record of her battles, skirmishes, and captures. I mean the side of *mutiny*. Semmes, though really the kindest-hearted of men, could rule with an iron hand; and if ever the iron hand was needed, it was in ruling this most motley of crews. When fully manned, the letter of marque mustered about 110 officers and men. There were Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Spaniards, and rough specimens of various other nationalities. It is only surprising that serious outbreaks of insubordination were not of more frequent occurrence. The reason may be found, perhaps, in the constant excitement of the life, in the above-named 'iron rule' of Semmes, and in the circumstance that liquor was religiously kept out of the men's reach, so far as it possibly could be.

The subject of this 'reminiscence' took part in quelling the only actual mutiny that ever threatened the internal well-being and tranquillity of the *Alabama*. Some of the men had managed to get somewhat seriously intoxicated, but the combination of about thirty well-armed officers proved immediately effectual in quelling the rising. The Commander hit upon the happy and bloodless expedient of rewarding the ringleaders by pouring buckets of sea water over them. They growled, but they could not stand up against such a drastically damp method, and the general verdict was that their captain was 'old beeswax for watering a man's grog.'

Apart from the incalculable damage which she inflicted upon the enemy's shipping, the cruise of the *Alabama* was remarkable for two incidents—her sinking of the United States ship-of-war *Hatteras* after a sharp engagement, and her terrible adventures in

a typhoon in the Gulf Stream. In the case of the *Hatteras*, two vessels of equal strength and speed fought on their merits, and every member of the Federal ship's crew was saved by the boats of her adversary. The typhoon, of which Admiral Semmes has left on record a most vivid account, very nearly sent the nine-lived privateer to the bottom. She weathered it, however, only to find 'peace at the last' 'neath the cold waters of the English Channel, where her bleaching bones lie, many fathoms below the blue, side by side with the bones of so many thousands of other gallant craft.

The battle between the *Alabama* and the United States steamer *Hatteras*, on the night of January 11, 1863, should live in history as the first 'yard-arm engagement' between steamers at sea. It was fought on a Sunday, and the famous prize-taker was in her own waters at the time, so to speak, being but a few miles from Galveston. 'As I write,' sagely remarks our nautical diarist, 'all are discussing the probabilities of a fight before morning.' Semmes, to do him justice, invariably kept the Seventh as a 'day of rest' on board; but in the present instance his hand was forced. Let the diary tell its own spirited tale:—'At 6.30 P.M. the strange steamer hailed, and asked "What steamer is that?" We replied (in order to be certain who he was), "Her Majesty's steamer *Petrel*: what steamer is that?" Two or three times we asked the question, until we heard, "This is the United States steamer —," not hearing the name. However, "United States" was sufficient. As no doubt existed as to his character, we said, at 6.35, that this was "the Confederate States steamer *Alabama*," accompanying the last syllable of our name with a shell fired over him. The signal being given, the other guns took up the refrain, and a tremendous volley from our whole broadside [was] given to him, every shell striking his side. The sound of the shot striking was distinctly heard on board our vessel, and it was thus found that he was iron. The enemy replied, and the action became general. A most sharp, spirited firing was kept up on both sides, our fellows peppering away as though the action depended upon each individual. And so it did. Pistols and rifles were continually pouring from our quarter-deck messengers most deadly, the distance during the hottest of the fight not being more than forty yards! It was a grand though fearful sight to see the guns belching forth in the darkness of the night sheets of living flame, the deadly missiles striking the enemy with a force that she could *feel*. Then, when the shells struck her sides, and

especially the percussion ones, her whole side was lit up, showing rents of five or six feet in length. One shot had just struck our smoke-stack, wounding one man in the cheek, when the enemy ceased his firing and fired a lee-gun, then a second and a third. The order was then given to cease firing. This was at 6.52. A tremendous cheering commenced, and it was not until everybody had cleared his throat to his own satisfaction that silence could be obtained. We then hailed him, and in reply he stated that he had surrendered, was on fire, and also that he was in a sinking condition. He then sent a boat on board, and surrendered the U.S. gunboat *Hatteras*, nine guns, Lieut.-Commander Blake, 140 men. Boats were immediately lowered and sent to her assistance, when an alarm was given that another steamer was bearing down for us. The boats were recalled and hoisted up, when it was found to be a false alarm. The order was then given, and the boatswain and his mates piped, "All hands out boats to save life!" and soon the prisoners were transferred to our ship, the officers under guard on the quarter-deck, and the men in single irons. The boats were then hoisted up, the battery run in and secured, the main-brace spliced, all hands piped down, the enemy's vessel sunk, and we steaming quietly away by 8.30—all having been done in less than two hours. In fact, had it not been for having prisoners on board we would have sworn nothing unusual had taken place, the watch below sleeping quietly in their hammocks. The conduct of our men was truly commendable. No flurry, no noise, all calm and determined. The coolness displayed by them could not have been surpassed by any old veterans. Our chief boatswain's mate was apparently in his glory:—"Sponge—load with cartridge—shell, five seconds—run out—well down, compressors—left traverse—well ready—fire!—that's into you—d— you—that stops your wind," &c., &c.'

These words, written, so to speak, under fire, give us a sufficiently glowing picture of the realities of a modern sea fight by starlight. It was, perhaps, in questionable morality to get within striking distance of the foe under cloak of being a British war-vessel. But then the *Alabama* could not identify her enemy in the dark; and it was not until the latter hailed, 'We are a United States steamer,' that the music of an *Alabama* broadside was given leave to play. In conversation with the Boarding-officer, the first-lieutenant of the sunken steamer stated that the behaviour of one of the officers and many of the crew of the *Hatteras* was most

cowardly and disgraceful, from the moment of their hearing the privateer's name and receiving her fire. The whole after-division deserted their guns at the first broadside. One shell went completely through the *Hatteras* before exploding ; others burst inside of her and set her on fire, and one completely disabled her engines. The *Hatteras* was only inferior to her destroyer in weight of metal. She was one of seven vessels sent by the Federal Government to recapture Galveston from the Confederacy. The sunk property equalled about \$160,000.

Admiral Semmes, like the gallant seaman and gentleman that he was, is silent respecting his own share in the action. Let me here state that he stood calmly on his quarter-deck, with the shot flying about him, throughout the engagement, encouraging the gunners by word and gesture. 'Give it to the rascals !' he would exclaim. 'Fire low, men ! Don't be all night sinking me that fellow !'—and this when, 'for aught we knew,' adds the diarist, 'she might have been an ironclad or a ram.' Yet Semmes was the soul of courtesy to the vanquished captain of the *Hatteras*, Captain Blake. This gentleman surrendered his sword to Semmes with the somewhat inconsequent remark that 'it was with deep regret that he did so.' We may at least take the 'regret' for granted, for to lose both ship and liberty is a heavy blow for any brave man to bear equably. But the letter of marque was no mean adversary, and Commander Blake had at least not sacrificed his honour even if the *Hatteras* was an iron ship. Moreover, Semmes did his best to salve the pain by courteously surrendering his own state-room to his captive's use.

I referred just now to a mutinous incident in the 'tween-decks of the privateer, but it may be well to tell the story in the Boarding-officer's own blunt language. The date was November 19, 1862. By one of those curious coincidences that from time to time ripple the surface of the every-day, a deserter from Semmes' former command, a renegade named Forrest, had been discovered on board one of the prizes taken by the *Alabama*. The man was, of course, entitled to the privileges usually accorded to traitors, but he was simply placed under close (?) surveillance. 'The previous evening a drunken disturbance had taken place on board, by which it was found necessary to call the hands to quarters to quell it. It appeared that the deserter from the *Sumter* had slipped down the cable, swum to a boat, returned on board with a great quantity of spirits, and handed it round to the men all

unknown to a single officer—he not tasting a drop himself, thus showing that his aim was to cause a mutiny on board. Those of the men that were inflated, or rather infu lated, with liquor, were placed in double irons, with a few exceptions. These, in addition to irons, were gagged, and bucket after bucket of water thrown over them until they became partially sober. A short time previously one man had been stabbed severely in the arm. The officers and some of the petty officers were fully armed, the Captain having given orders to that effect, and to cut down the first man that hesitated to obey an order. The scoundrel Forrest was triced up in the mizzen-rigging, two hours on and two off.'

An obligation singularly strong rested upon the Confederate commander to maintain strictest discipline on board of his vessel. She represented the only hope of the Confederacy to cripple and terrorise the merchant shipping of their adversaries, just as Semmes was their solitary 'strong man' as regarded the carrying out of that mission. 'I have called her the *Monitor*,' wrote Ericsson concerning the little craft that met and worsted the iron-bound *Merrimac*, 'because she is destined to teach lessons to the enemy.' Semmes might with equal appropriateness have styled his beautiful *Alabama*—for beautiful indeed she was—the *Destroyer*; but he preferred deeds, not words, to speak. As it was, her registered number in the Lairds' yard had a curiously ignorant construction placed upon it by some in the Federal States, where it was freely alleged that *two hundred and ninety Englishmen* had been engaged upon the building of a ship wherewith to fight the Northerners!

Month after month, riding gracefully upon a bright and rippling ocean, the *Alabama* carried on her work of destruction. Truly was she the terror of every sea, for men knew not where to expect her next, and many and amusing were the subterfuges sought to be practised by those unfortunate enough to fall into her hands. It was a life of freedom for the ship, of freedom for the crew—for the latter, too, a rare excitement was dashed with the lust of prize-money. Looking back upon the *Alabama's* brief life-history through the vista of the years, we can only marvel that her career was not arrested more speedily, seeing how great were the issues, how narrow the escapes, how innumerable the war-vessels set to watch and wait for the daring letter of marque.

It was Mr. Fullam's duty, as I have shown, to board every vessel to whom the privateer addressed the grim 'invitation to

heave-to' involved in a shotted or unshotted gun fired across the stranger's forefoot. In this capacity he not only found plenty of work to do, but enjoyed many a singular experience. Once we find him—and in proof of this may be cited Admiral Semmes' own book, Vol. II.—holding an American skipper and boat's crew in earnest converse for some minutes, disguising his English accent as best he could, while the *Alabama* was endeavouring to effect the capture of their vessel. The chance sight of a Confederate flag carelessly displayed suddenly alarmed these sailors, who 'back-water'd' with all their might, and managed to get clear away with their ship. On another occasion the glare from three blazing prizes lit up the darkness in one night and within a few miles' radius, their fierce light guiding several United States warships towards the will-o'-the-wisp privateer, whom, however, they failed to find. In his valuable work on 'The Corsairs of France,' Captain Norman estimates that the Napoleonic wars cost Great Britain a matter of 200,000,000*l.* in merchant shipping captured by Gallic letters of marque. It is true that the Powers abolished privateering by mutual consent under the Treaty of 1856, America alone outstanding. But supposing a few of the 'corsairs' of the First Empire had been *Alabamas*, surely the commerce of that proud flag on which the sun does not set would speedily have been numbered with the dead past! An alarming reflection this, and by no means inapposite at the present juncture; for are we not apt, in extolling the unquestioned and unquenchable glories of Nelson, Howe, and Rodney, to forget the credit side of the account, upon which should be entered the inestimable loss which it is possible for a few swift and well-armed cruisers to inflict upon a wealthy but unwieldy mercantile marine?

It has been reserved for the writer of this paper to clear up a very important and hotly debated point in connection with the death of the *Alabama*. She challenged the *Kearsarge* to fight her outside of Cherbourg harbour, and previous to the combat the United States-ship protected herself with chain cables, unknown to her adversary. But the point that I wish to render clear is this: to this day it is believed that Mr. Lancaster's yacht, the *Deerhound*, which daringly steered in while the *Alabama* was foundering, and saved many lives, was requested to do so by the *Kearsarge*. As a matter of fact, the yacht was hailed from the deck of the sinking privateer, and the man who hailed her was

G. T. Fullam, the boarding-officer. The boats of the *Kearsarge* were so tardy in putting off to the aid of their drowning antagonists that, but for Mr. Fullam's timely hail, upon which the *Deerhound* promptly and gallantly acted, many more of the Confederate sailors must have drowned.<sup>1</sup> The sequel to this brave rescue was Mr. Lancaster's refusal to surrender the seamen whom he had saved from the wreck, and his shaping a course for Southampton with the rescued captain and many of his men on board. (The wounded had previously been saved by the *Alabama*'s own boats.) In both naval and military records there are many precedents for this behaviour, the Battle of the Nile affording a notable example of a captain and crew making good their escape after striking their colours to the antagonist.

In connection with this historic fight between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*, which was witnessed from the cliffs of Cherbourg by several thousands of visitors (including many English people), the following amusing lines of doggerel recur to my mind, as having been chanted by the privateersmen in their joy on learning that at last they were to engage in a stiff stand-up fight after their numerous 'peaceful conquests' of merchantmen:—

We're homeward bound, we're homeward bound,  
And soon shall land on English ground;  
But ere that English land we see,  
We first must lick the 'Kearsar-gee.'

But, alas! she could not 'lick the "Kearsar-gee,"' being herself destined to go to the bottom. This doggerel verse is, in a way, reminiscent of some lines supposed to be sung by a slaver's crew, and unearthed, I believe, by Mr. Andrew Lang:—

Six hundred 'niggers' in the hold,  
And seventy we did stow;  
And when we'd clapped the hatches on,  
'Twas time for us to go.

Nor does this last quotation even smack of the irrelevant, seeing that the opprobrious term 'pirate,' which is at least as bad as 'slaver,' was so frequently applied to Admiral Semmes' ship by

<sup>1</sup> It has been stated, and we expect correctly, that the commander of the *Kearsarge* was very anxious not to take as prisoners any of the officers or crew of the *Alabama*, for the very good reason that he might have been required by his Government to treat them as pirates. His most humane course was to leave them to the yacht.—ED. *Cornhill*.

her baffled enemies. In knowledge of this accusatory epithet, it is at least pleasing to note that the *Alabama* never took a prize on a Sunday unless circumstances conspired to render the temptation irresistible. And surely the United States Government, that had refused to subscribe to the Treaty of 1856 by agreeing to the abolition of privateering, was disentitled to rail at the Southern States for acting upon the letter of that abstention. It may be said that in the event of a really great war the abolition of the privateer would stand for little. If so, then there was less reason than ever for the Federal Government to find fault with the wise Confederate providence that floated and commissioned the *Alabama*, though it had been a vast deal better for England if another firm and another country had been selected to build her.

The subject of this sketch left behind him a number of very valuable statistics relating to the cruise of the privateer, to which I have had access. She took in coal at ten different ports, and from first to last she consumed 1,786 tons, about 133 tons going to the bottom with her after the combat with the *Kearsarge*. Between August 1862 and June 1864 she took on board stores (in all departments) to the total value of \$28,093; and the amount of property she destroyed upon the high-seas was estimated at \$5,200,000. In the twenty-two months of her active life she captured upwards of 2,000 prisoners, of whom 1,010 were paroled. Between the date of her commission and May 30, 1864, she spoke and boarded no fewer than 386 vessels of all flags and nationalities. But in the fortnight that intervened between the end of May and her own tragic death the *Alabama* boarded *sixty-one* merchantmen, this great increase seeming to demonstrate, at all events to the sentimentally minded, that she had presage of her approaching dissolution, and redoubled her efforts accordingly. It was in the eternal fitness of things that even as she gave up the ghost the Confederacy should be flickering to its inevitable end.

In the same twenty-two months this hardened 'corsair' sank one ship-of-war, burnt twenty-five full-rigged sailing ships, seventeen barques, four brigantines, and six schooners; held to ransom one steamer, five sailing ships, one barque, one brigantine, one schooner; released one ship and one barque; sold a barque; and commissioned a barque. What a record! In round numbers, the ships ransomed represented \$562,250, burnt \$4,353,575, sunk \$160,000, sold \$17,500, and put into commission for service

\$100,936 ; total of damage sustained by the enemy's navy and merchant marine, \$5,194,261. Well might the Federal War Secretary meditate darkly upon the stringing of Raphael Semmes to his own yard-arm—provided he could be caught. Small wonder that the newspapers found on board the prizes, and eagerly devoured by the privateersmen, contained little save exaggerated accounts of the *Alabama's* speed, skill, and piratical depredations, together with plan upon plan for her arrest. Nor can it be denied that the dashing Semmes, handicapped as he was by scarcely ever being able to enter a port with impunity, did not hesitate to throw down the warder of battle when the chances appeared pretty even. Other things being equal, the *Alabama* should have rendered an excellent account of the *Kearsarge* on that bright and beautiful summer's morning outside of Cherbourg. But, as all the world knows, other things were *not* equal.

And what of the after-history of our friend the Boarding-officer ? His diary ends, under date June 14, 1864, with the uncompleted sentence, 'This afternoon our commander . . .' But the rest is not silence utter and complete. For as I write I have before me the following autograph letter from Admiral Semmes to G. T. Fullam, dated Mobile, Alabama, November 29, 1866 : 'It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request to speak of your services and character whilst you were with me on the *Alabama*. You joined me, in that ship, at the commencement of her career, and continued with me until its close. I ever found you a correct gentleman, and I always regarded you as one of my cleverest and most reliable officers. In my disastrous engagement off Cherbourg you exhibited the courageous and manly qualities of your race, and this is the highest compliment I could pay you. Wishing you every success in life, I am, very truly yours, &c., R. Semmes.'

There is little more to add. On being landed at Southampton by the altruistic owner of the friendly *Deerhound*, Mr. Fullam rejoined his family at Hull, and, as sailors say, 'swallowed the anchor' for a while. Subsequently he entered the Royal Navy, and eventually was drowned at sea—dying as he had lived, and peradventure as he would have chosen to die, upon the element that he loved, and to which he had dedicated the best and bravest years of an adventurous and perilous life.

PERCY CROSS STANDING.

## FAMOUS TRIALS.

## THE QUEEN AGAINST COURVOISIER.

IN the month of May 1840, Lord William Russell was in his seventy-third year. The son of a Marquess of Tavistock, who was killed in the hunting-field, his elder brothers had been respectively the 5th and 6th Dukes of Bedford, and Lord John Russell was his great-nephew. He himself had sat in Parliament, but had never followed an active political career, and now, deaf and infirm, a widower whose children were grown up and married, he lived in a small house at No. 13 Norfolk Street, Park Lane, his modest establishment consisting of a cook, housemaid, and valet, besides the groom and coachman, who resided in the mews.

Tuesday, May the 5th, the last day of the old nobleman's life, was spent by him in the ordinary routine. In the afternoon he went out to pay calls, then on to Brooks's, returning home just before six. After a walk with his dog he dined alone, retired to the back drawing-room, and between eleven and twelve went to bed, assisted as usual in his toilette by the Swiss valet Courvoisier, a young man of three-and-twenty, who had only recently entered his service.

On the following morning the housemaid, Sarah Mancer, got up at 6.30, dressed herself, and went downstairs, knocking at Courvoisier's door to rouse him as she passed. The house consisted of a basement, three stories, and an attic. The basement contained a kitchen in the front and a small dark pantry at the back; outside the pantry a door led into an area yard, confined on all sides by high walls. The front door opened into a small passage, out of which you entered the dining-room, and at the end of this passage, close to the staircase descending into the basement, a glass door gave additional access to the back yard. On the first floor were the front and back drawing-rooms; above the front drawing-room was Lord William's bedroom, which communicated with an unused apartment. From this floor a staircase, shut off by a door, led up to the attics, where the front room was occupied by the female servants, while at the back, separated by a thin lath and plaster wall, slept the valet.

Sarah first went into the back drawing-room, where her master had been sitting after dinner, and there she noticed the writing-desk turned round, and all the papers in great disorder; a screw-driver, which was generally kept in the pantry cupboard, was lying on a chair. There was nothing unusual in the disordered state of the papers, so she proceeded to the ground floor. Here, however, in the passage she found a number of articles scattered about. She flung open the dining-room door, unfastened the shutters and found all the drawers and cupboards open, and the plate lying on the floor. Thoroughly alarmed, she ran up to her bedroom, awoke the cook, and knocked again at Courvoisier's door. This time he opened it, fully dressed but for his coat. In answer to her question whether he knew of anything being the matter in the night he replied 'No,' and accompanied her downstairs, first to the pantry, where everything was in confusion, and then to Lord William's bedroom. They entered together, and as Courvoisier was opening the shutters Mancer gave a shriek, for the light of day revealed her master's body in the bed, with stains of blood on the pillow. Without waiting for more she darted out into the street to give the alarm. A surgeon was fetched, and examination of the bed and the body that lay in it left no doubt that a cruel murder had been perpetrated. The throat was cut from ear to ear, and the sheets were saturated with blood, which had soaked on to the floor, but there were no traces of blood elsewhere in the room, and no signs of disorder.

The police had been on the scene before the doctor, and after visiting the murdered man's bedroom had been taken downstairs to the basement. The door by the pantry leading out into the back area was slightly open, and appeared to have been bruised from top to bottom by some blunt instrument, and there were similar bruises on the doorposts. The valet, who accompanied them, said, 'They must have come in here.' The next thing was to ascertain what was missing, and Tedman, the inspector, made an examination. There was an empty note-case, which the valet said had contained a five and a ten-pound note the day before; a gold watch and some rings were missing, but the plate seemed not to have been carried off, though scattered about the dining-room and passage, and a quantity of silver articles in the bedroom were untouched. A napkin found in the passage contained small articles of silver, with a gold pencil-case, toothpick, and the like. Everything seemed to point to a sudden

alarm on the part of the criminals, and their flight, leaving the booty behind them. All three servants requested the police to inspect their boxes, and the search was made under the eyes of Inspector Tedman, but it yielded nothing. The clothes and linen were taken out of Courvoisier's trunk, examined and replaced again, but no speck of blood was found on them.

In the course of the day the inquest was held in the house. Sarah Mancer told her story; the medical men described the wounds, which they agreed could not possibly have been self-inflicted; police evidence was given as to the state of the premises when they were called in; and Courvoisier, after having been cautioned, was examined, and the jury were informed that previously to entering Lord William's service he had been for two years with Mr. Fector, the member for Dover, who gave him an excellent character. His evidence was that an old fellow-servant of his named Carr had taken tea in the kitchen that afternoon, and that they had gone out together about 6.30; that he (Courvoisier) came back to wait at dinner, went out afterwards for the supper beer, and on his return fastened the door, and did not leave the house again. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

No arrest was made, but the police remained on the premises, keeping the three servants under surveillance. The man Carr had succeeded in establishing his innocence, and while it was a possible hypothesis that some one had been concealed in the house from an early hour in the evening, or had come in while Courvoisier had been out fetching the beer, suspicion could not fail to hang heavily over the ordinary inmates. It was discovered that some silver spoons and forks were missing, and a description of these, and of the watch, rings, and other articles which had disappeared, was circulated among the pawnshops, while a reward was offered, 400*l.* for the conviction of the murderer and 50*l.* for the recovery of the stolen plate. On the Friday morning the 'Times' contained a leading article, complaining bitterly of the inefficiency of the 'new police,' and lamenting the old Bow Street runners and thief-takers. 'At the close of the second day after a barbarous murder it appears that the police are without any clue.' Before their next issue the clue had been found.

That Friday morning workpeople had taken up the drains, and made a systematic search of the premises; in the pantry behind the wainscot was found a purse containing gold coins

and rings, and behind the skirting-board underneath the sink a silver Waterloo medal and a five-pound note. On being shown the articles Courvoisier only said, 'I know nothing about them; I am innocent; my conscience is clear; I never saw the medal before.' He was taken into custody at once, and on the ensuing morning a gold seal and signet ring were discovered in the same locality. On the 13th a further search resulted in the discovery of Lord William's watch concealed under the leaden casing of the pantry sink. The next morning Tedman, who had been requested to send the prisoner a change of linen, went to his box, and on unfolding a shirt found a pair of white gloves, such as are used by servants when waiting at table, slightly stained with blood; the next day two silk handkerchiefs, also spotted with blood, and a torn shirt-front were found close to the place where the gloves had been. These articles had certainly escaped notice both on the 6th and on a subsequent search on the 9th made after the discoveries in the pantry. Courvoisier was taken before the magistrates, and after several remands was committed for trial on the charge of murder.

On Thursday, June the 18th, he appeared in the dock at the Old Bailey before Chief Justice Tindal, beside whom on the Bench sat Baron Parke. The prosecution had been entrusted to Adolphus, Bodkin, and Chambers; the prisoner's counsel were Phillips and Clarkson. Adolphus had been for many years the *doyen* of the Old Bailey bar, though ill health and failing eyesight had combined to relieve him of some of his practice. Of no mean reputation as an historian, he was an advocate of great ability and experience; but a career spent in the prosecution of criminals had made him somewhat too eager for convictions, and perpetual conflict with the lowest class of witnesses, and the least refined and scrupulous members of his own profession, had developed a roughness of manner and irritability of temper. Charles Phillips, the gifted Irishman on whose memory the trial was to leave such a weight of undeserved obloquy, had also served a long apprenticeship in criminal practice. His eloquence, though more florid than the usage of English courts is accustomed to tolerate, was of a glowing and moving order. He had great powers of cross-examination, and nature had endowed him with the faculty of believing in the innocence of his clients, an invaluable gift which not unfrequently communicates itself from the counsel to the jury.

The opening speech of Adolphus was that of a man convinced

of the prisoner's guilt, yet conscious that the evidence he was about to call was deficient in certainty, and that there was much in the conduct of some of his witnesses which would expose them to severe handling. Not content with indicating the facts to be proved, he went out of his way to rebut in advance all possible lines of defence, and in some of his observations he certainly outstepped the province of prosecuting counsel.

After detailing the discovery of the murder, he said that it was impossible the crime could have been committed by burglars. It would be proved that the front door had been locked and barred over night, and the back doors could not be approached except by well-nigh inaccessible walls, and without leaving traces on the dust and plaster. The way in which the property had been disposed in the hall passage showed an attempt to create the impression that the thieves had come in at the back door, and then in alarm had unbolted the front door and got out by it, but it would be shown that the marks on the back door and doorposts had been made not from without but from within. Was the conduct of the prisoner on the discovery of the body consonant with innocence? Would an innocent man have gone to the window to open the shutters, trusting to the clamour of a maid-servant to awaken his aged master? Would he not rather have gone quietly to the bedside and attempted to allay his alarm? It was true nothing had been found in his box, but no man possessed of even moderate cunning would have placed stolen articles in a repository liable to immediate search; as to subsequent discoveries in the box, the prosecution attached no importance to them. But, on the other hand, articles belonging to the deceased had been found in a place to which the prisoner had peculiar access, in his own pantry; from the moment of the discovery of the murder the house had been in the possession of the police, and it was impossible that any person could have then secreted them in the place where they were found. As for the motive, it would be shown that Courvoisier was discontented with his place and wages; he had been heard to say that had he a third of his master's property he would not be long in this country. As a foreigner he must have believed that English noblemen carried vast sums of gold about them, and with foreigners murder was only too common a prelude to robbery.

Sarah Mancer was the first witness. She had been three years in the place, and during the few weeks prisoner had been her fellow-servant their relations, she said, had been most friendly. On the

night of the murder Courvoisier had complained of Lord William's temper, and said he did not think he should stay long; he had twice said to her that 'Old Billy was a rum old chap, and if he had his money he would not remain long in England.' On several occasions she had noticed him looking into his lordship's property and everything that he could, not in one room only, but all over the house. Her cross-examination was long and searching. She had been examined several times before, and Phillips elicited that this was the first time she had said anything about the prisoner looking after Lord William's property. After long hesitation she was made to admit that her words in giving the alarm were that his lordship was murdered, whereas before the coroner she had only said that there was blood on the pillow. She was also pressed as to her motives for saying to Courvoisier, 'Let us go and see where his lordship is,' instead of saying, 'Let us go and tell his lordship that the house is robbed.' Nothing, however, was got from her to shake her credibility; she was confused, but left the impression of honesty and candour. The only facts of importance to the prisoner extracted from her were that she had not observed the marks on the glass door leading into the back area before the police came into the house, and that Courvoisier had at her request on the morning of the murder removed into the back yard a step-ladder, by which any one could have got over into, or from, the adjoining area.

Mary Hannell, the cook, did little more than confirm Mancer, but she had seen both the front and back doors bolted before going to bed. She heard no noise in the night. Her cross-examination was favourable to the prisoner, for it brought out for the first time that some of the plate had been carried away and was then being advertised for.

Lord William's coachman and the butler from the opposite house spoke to the prisoner's agitation. He had said, 'Oh, my God, what shall I do?' and 'I have been with his lordship only five weeks, and what shall I do for my character?' But they agreed that the sight of the old man weltering in his blood was enough to affect the nerves of the stoutest and strongest man. The surgeons described the injuries, and agreed that death must have been instantaneous. Another servant from over the way swore to the dust on the party-walls between the back areas being untouched. Cross-examined, he said that the maidservants seemed quite as much agitated as the prisoner on the morning of the murder.

The last evidence before rising was that of Baldwin, a police constable, and if the prosecution had wished to close the day with their case at its weakest, they could not have chosen a fitter witness. He had been the first of the force to enter the house, and he described the prisoner as sitting behind the door, with his hands to his face, refusing to get up or render assistance. He further deposed that there had been no breaking in of the glass door at the back, though he observed marks of violence there, and he had ascertained that the dust on the party-walls in the area and the plaster on their sides was untouched. To the practised cross-examiner a policeman is generally an easy victim, and Phillips fell upon Baldwin and tossed and gored him. After proving that his statements as to the glass door and the dust on the walls was utterly untrustworthy, he drew him on to the question of the reward. The witness began by denying that he had ever heard of any such being offered, but was eventually brought to admit that it had been read out to him in general orders.

The first round had gone in favour of the prisoner. The evidence so far disclosed ground for grave suspicion, but little more. The police testimony was obviously a broken reed to lean on, and, with the exception of the lost property being found in the pantry, the prosecution could not carry the case further. Before the Court met again, however, the probabilities of the prisoner's guilt had enormously increased.

A paragraph had appeared in a French newspaper with a suggestion that Courvoisier as a foreigner might have deposited the missing plate at some foreign hotel. On the morning of the trial this caught the eye of a M. Vincent, who with his partner, Louis Piolaine, kept the Hôtel Dieppe, Leicester Place, Leicester Square. He read it aloud to Madame Piolaine, who then for the first time remembered that one evening shortly before the murder a former servant of theirs, known to her only as Jean, came to the house with a brown-paper parcel, and asked her to take charge of it for him until the Tuesday following, but the parcel had never been claimed. M. Vincent went at once in search of a solicitor, in whose presence the parcel was opened, and was found to contain silver forks and spoons bearing the Bedford crest. This information was conveyed to the prosecution about six o'clock, and early the next morning Madame Piolaine was taken down to Newgate, and in the prison-yard she at once singled out

Courvoisier from a number of prisoners as the man who had left the parcel with her.

When the Court met there were rumours of an important discovery, and proofs of the additional evidence were handed to Clarkson and Phillips as they entered. The judges had not taken their seats, and counsel, who on their own solemn statement were up to that moment absolutely convinced of the prisoner's innocence, had hardly mastered the purport of this damaging communication, when Courvoisier, leaning from the dock, requested to speak to them. Hoping that they were to listen to some satisfactory explanation, they came close to the prisoner, who whispered, 'I have sent for you, gentlemen, to tell you I committed the murder.' This astounding confession deprived Phillips of the power of speech. When he had sufficiently recovered himself he said, 'Of course, then, you are going to plead guilty?' 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'I expect you to defend me to the uttermost.'

The first inclination of Phillips was to throw up his brief. From this he was dissuaded by Clarkson, who pointed out that to do so under such circumstances would be to surrender his client to certain death, and to violate a confidence sacred as the confessional; he suggested that they should consult Baron Parke, who, though on the Bench, was taking no part in the trial. Parke listened to Phillips's story, requested to know distinctly whether the prisoner insisted on his defending him, and, on hearing that he did, said he was bound to do so, and to *use all fair argument arising on the evidence*. That the opinion of the future Lord Wensleydale was thoroughly in accordance with the traditions of the Bar there can be no doubt, and I think few will dispute that it represents the duty of an advocate to his client where he actually knows or strongly suspects his guilt. Whether Phillips did confine himself to the use of 'fair argument arising out of the evidence' has been the subject of fierce controversy.

Inspector Tedman was called; his evidence travelled over the whole case, and, while very damaging to the prisoner, was fair and candid. He spoke to the bruises on the area door; those on the top he thought had been done from the outside, those at the bottom from the inside. With regard to the discovery of the gloves, &c., in the prisoner's box, they might either have been overlooked by him on the 6th, or have been placed there subsequently; the box was left unlocked, and the police had access to

it. He had examined the prisoner's hands without finding any scratch or speck of blood on them.

Then followed a train of constables, sergeants, and inspectors, whose evidence there is not space to recapitulate. It dealt with the marks on the door, the discovery of the missing property in the pantry, and of the blood-stained gloves, handkerchief, and shirt-front in the trunk.

This undoubtedly vulnerable point was the chief topic of cross-examination, but it was also finally established that marks on the glass door had been made by Inspector Pearce in the course of his experiments. This same officer was made to admit that, on showing Courvoisier the articles discovered in the pantry, he had said, 'Can you now look me in the face?' with the object of extorting a confession and obtaining a share of the reward. Another officer, Collier, admitted that it was almost impossible for the gloves to have escaped notice if they had been in the box at the previous searches. 'No one, if they had any eyes, could have searched the portmanteau without seeing them.' Any one, he said, might have had access to the prisoner's box, and Shaw, who examined it on May the 9th with Inspector Pearce, had not seen them, in spite of a minute search.

The next ten or twelve witnesses were not cross-examined. Some of them identified the various things found in the pantry as having belonged to Lord William; others were workmen who had been about the house the day of the murder. Then Madame Piolaine told her story, and the last effort of cross-examination was directed to shake her. There had been no time to make inquiries as to her antecedents, and Phillips justly complained that he might and ought to have had her evidence the night before, as soon as it was known to the prosecution. Hotels in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square did not enjoy a better reputation then than they do to-day. It was put to her strongly that her house was a common gambling establishment, and it was suggested that she might have made the discovery at an earlier date, considering the notoriety of the crime. When the Court rose the case for the Crown was concluded. As he left the dock Courvoisier sent a message to his counsel, 'Tell Mr. Phillips I consider my life is in his hands.'

The latter's speech on the following morning was made under circumstances of difficulty and discouragement almost without parallel. Not only had the evidence developed from probability to

practical certainty, but his firm conviction in his client's innocence had been converted into actual knowledge of his guilt. Even if his own sense of what was right and just was not sufficient to debar him from topics which, but for his client's confession, he might have urged with powerful effect, there on the Bench, listening with attentive ear, sat the judge to whom he had imparted his secret, and who had prescribed to him the path of advocacy, from which he might not deviate a hair's breadth. Yet with all this his defence remains a marvel of what skill and eloquence can do in the most desperate straits.

After complaining of the speech of Adolphus, the bitter tone, the unjustifiable use of topics of prejudice, and the unwarranted attempts to anticipate the prisoner's defence, Phillips insisted on the duty of the prosecution to bring the crime home without reasonable doubt. It was not his business to prove who did it ; that was the task which the prosecution had undertaken. *He* was not called upon to rend asunder the dark mantle of the night and throw light on this deed of darkness. The Omniscient God alone knew who did this crime. The prosecutors were bound to show the prisoner's guilt, not by inference, by reasoning, by subtle and refined ingenuity, but by downright clear, palpable demonstration. How did they do this ? What said Mr. Adolphus and his witness Sarah Mancer ? He begged the jury not to suppose for a moment that he meant to cast the crime upon either of the female servants. It was not necessary for his case to do so ; he wished not to asperse them ; God forbid that any breath of his should send tainted into the world persons depending for their subsistence upon their character. As for Courvoisier, he had no motive of hatred, of jealousy, of revenge. Plunder had been suggested, and the expression had been brought up against him, 'I wish I had old Billy's money—I would not be long in this country.' Could there be a more innocent or natural expression from the lips of a foreigner longing for his native Switzerland ? Had he desired plunder he had enjoyed and neglected frequent opportunities, and here was a man charged with a most dreadful crime, committing it without motive, remaining in the house as if to be detected, having the chance, nay, the certainty, of escape, and not availing himself of it. His agitation had been imputed to him as a sign of guilt, but what became then of the women who showed the very same feelings ? He thought the better of them for doing so. God forbid that he should insinuate it was a proof

of their guilt ; it would appear to him, on the contrary, a proof of innocence. Coming to the gloves and shirt-front found in the prisoner's box, which, instead of being sealed up and secured after the first search, had remained open to the whole gang of policemen, he demanded to know who had put them there between the 6th and 14th of May ? They had not been found until the prisoner had been three days in gaol. He asserted freely and fearlessly that they were placed there by some of the police for reasons best known to themselves. Baldwin had lied on his oath. Pearce had in his examination in chief suppressed a portion of his remark to the prisoner, and denied that he attempted to intimidate or extort a confession, while he told the jury in the same breath that he expected to share in the plunder which was to be divided over the coffin of Courvoisier. As for the discovery of the rings and watch, the prisoner's own pantry was the last place to which he would have resorted for the purpose of concealment. Was it not singular that not a spot of blood nor a scratch had been discovered on the person or clothes of the prisoner, and no noise had been heard by the fellow-servants who slept in the adjoining room ? Then there was the evidence of Madame Piolaine ; if true it was conclusive not of murder but of robbery. He had not been fairly treated ; he might have been apprised over-night in time to prosecute inquiries. He knew nothing about the witness, but the jury knew the character of the houses off Leicester Square. Lastly, he reminded them that 'to violate the living temple which the Lord had made, to quench the fire that His breath had given, was an awful responsibility. The word once gone forth was irrevocable. Speak not that word lightly. Speak it not on suspicion, however strong, on moral conviction, however cogent, on inference, on anything but a clear, irresistible, bright noonday certainty.'

In summing-up the Chief Justice left it to the jury whether the murder and robbery were perpetrated by different or by the same persons, and whether it was a genuine robbery at all. If it was, the thief had not pursued the ordinary course. Instead of getting into the house by the glass door, which afforded easy access, he appeared to have let himself down into the lower area, and broken open the door there with considerable violence. Moreover, if thieves had entered for purposes of plunder, would they have left behind them so many small articles which they might have disposed about their persons ? He advised them to give no weight to the agitation shown by the prisoner, or his

remarks about 'old Billy,' which were mere kitchen gossip ; on the other hand he attached no importance to the discrepancies in Sarah Mancer's evidence, and he thought her entitled to be believed. As for the articles secreted in the prisoner's box, the jury would consider whether in the previous search, when all the shirts were taken out and placed on the bed unfolded, the gloves and handkerchiefs could have escaped notice. They must give no credit to Baldwin's evidence. The concealment of the plate at Madame Piolaine's destroyed the hypothesis that the thieves had made off with that part of the booty. Many of the articles found in the pantry had been under lock and key in the deceased's room over-night ; how far was a stranger likely either to find them or afterwards to choose such a hiding-place for them ?

After an absence of an hour and a half the jury found the prisoner guilty. Sentence of death was passed, and Courvoisier was executed before the walls of Newgate on July the 6th, in the face of an enormous multitude. Among the crowd was William Makepeace Thackeray, and his reflections 'on going to see a man hanged' are contained in 'Fraser's Magazine.' The great novelist's plea for the abolition of public executions fell upon deaf ears, but it was to bear fruit seven-and-twenty years later.

In the condemned cell Courvoisier made a full confession, exonerating his fellow-servants. He said he had formed a dislike to his place, but was afraid to displease his friends by giving warning, and he thought that by creating the appearance of a robbery he could get discharged. With this object he took the plate to the Hôtel Dieppe. On the Tuesday his master had occasion to reprimand him more than once, and when he had retired to bed Courvoisier went to the dining-room and passage, and strewed them with the plate, &c. While so engaged he became aware that Lord William had come down and was watching him. His master said, 'What are you doing here ? You must quit my service to-morrow, and I shall acquaint your friends.' Courvoisier sat for a time in the kitchen. Then he thought the only way he could cover his fault was by murder, and taking a knife from the dining-room he went up and killed the old man as he slept. He admitted putting the watch and rings behind the skirting-board, but the gloves, handkerchiefs, and shirt-front found in the box were never placed there by him.

How far the confession is true seems problematical. There is a well-known story that on the night of the murder a gentleman of high rank saw from a window in a house overlooking No. 13

Norfolk Street a man in a state of complete nudity washing himself in one of the bedrooms there. The house was not the gentleman's own, and to have given evidence would have compromised a lady, so he held his peace. Had it come out at the trial it would have supplied another link in the chain, and cast a further difficulty in the way of the unlucky Phillips.

This most eloquent of advocates and genial of companions has been exposed to unfounded abuse for the part he played in the case. His conduct in not throwing up his brief, fortified as he was by the opinion of Baron Parke, stands in need of no apology. But he has been further charged with having attempted to throw suspicion on the maid-servants, and of having appealed to Heaven as to his belief in his client's innocence. To show how groundless is the first of these imputations I have given verbatim the words in which he proclaims his belief in the innocence of the servants, and it will be recollected that his cross-examination of the housemaid took place *before* the confession of guilt. Yet in the teeth of this he has been accused of throwing out the cruellest insinuations against Sarah Mancer, and advancing the foulest charges against the police. On this latter point it seems to me that he did not speak a word too strongly, and he especially excepted Tedman, to whose honest conduct he bore ample testimony.

To the accusation that he made a solemn appeal to God of Courvoisier's innocence there is an even more conclusive answer. A garbled report to this effect having appeared in one of the papers, Phillips went with the print in his hand to the judges who had been present at the trial, and who were then in the aldermen's room at the Old Bailey, and in the presence of many witnesses asked them whether he had made use of any such expression. 'You certainly did not,' replied Tindal, 'and I will be your voucher whenever you choose to call me;' to which Parke added, 'And I had a reason which the Chief Justice did not know for watching you narrowly; he will remember my saying to him when you sat down, "Did you observe how carefully Phillips abstained from giving any personal opinion in the case?"'

Calumny dies hard. Many years afterwards these charges were revived, and though they were again disproved a cloud still hangs over the memory of Phillips in connection with this trial, a cloud which the notice of him in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' has done nothing to dissipate.

J. B. ATLAY.

*EARLY DAYS IN WESTRALIA.*

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, which now takes rank as one of the richest gold regions in the world, and is well known on the Stock Exchange, by reason of the numerous gold-mining companies which have been formed within the last three years, was between forty and fifty years ago, perhaps, one of the most striking failures as a colonial settlement of any that belonged to the British Empire, and, notwithstanding its size, had faded so entirely out of notice as to be almost unknown and entirely neglected.

The settlers, nevertheless, were buoyed up by the belief that it would turn out to be a gold-field, a belief which was principally founded, I think, on an opinion said to have been expressed by Sir Roderick Murchison—that the richest deposits of gold in Australia would be discovered on that side of the island continent. Indeed, it has been asserted that the leader of an exploring expedition sent out by the Colonial Government, about 1854, certainly found gold near the now well-known Coolgardie, but was enjoined to secrecy by the Governor and Surveyor-General, from the fear that the disclosure might lead to the withdrawal of the convicts, on whose presence the prosperity of the colony was then believed to depend, and that the gold-fields might not turn out an equivalent substitute after all.

The colony had been founded in 1829 by a party of immigrants conducted by Captain (afterwards) Sir James Stirling, who was made the first governor. The Dutch and the French had landed on the coast years before, and given names to some parts of the sea-board; the tradition, indeed, was that a party of French explorers, aiming perhaps at more permanent possession, had been alarmed in the night by noises which they believed to proceed from a large body of hostile natives—but which, in fact, were made by the hosts of bull-frogs which abound in some parts of the colony—and had retreated to their ships. They explained their proceedings by reporting that the country was not worth visiting, but the English Government were aroused to the inconvenience of having a foreign settlement in that part of the continent, and in order to carry out their desire to occupy it, took advantage of a report made by Captain Stirling, R.N., who,

while surveying on the coast in 1827, examined the neighbourhood of Swan River, and formed, with very little justification as it afterwards turned out, a high opinion of its capabilities.

Sir James Stirling was empowered to apportion lands among the settlers in proportion to the means they brought with them. He was allowed to select 100,000 acres for himself as a free grant, and the other officers who came with him were provided for in like manner ; and years after he left colonists would refer to the excellent blocks of land which fell to his share, consisting of narrow strips of alluvial soil in the bottom of the main and tributary valleys of the rivers from time to time discovered, to one of which he gave the name of 'Semaphore Grant.' These, with other large free grants, lay idle and undeveloped, awaiting the rise in value which has been so long in coming, and were considered a great grievance in the early days, because they locked up some of the best and most accessible land in the colony, as it was then known. Good land was, in fact, so scarce that the cynics said that West Australia was made up of the rubbish that was thrown aside when the rest of the world was made.

It was proposed that this supposed earthly Paradise should be named 'Hesperia,' but it ultimately was called the Swan River settlement, a name which is derived from the number of black swans—the 'rara avis in terris' of our Latin grammar—which were found on the river.

The expedition was followed by others framed on a large scale—one was led by Mr. Peel, a relative of the prime minister, which came to signal grief ; another, about 1840, by Mr. Marshall Walter Clifton, who had been head of the Victualling Department at the Admiralty. He was sent by the Australind Company, with directions to examine a district in the north-west, recently explored by Captain (now Sir G.) Grey, of which he had made a glowing report ; but an inspection of the country leading to his conceiving strong doubts of the correctness of these reports, he settled his swarm in the south-west region, now called Australind. The company broke up after a very few years, but those who had taken possession of their grants of land still continued to cultivate and develop them.

This was long before the days of syndicates and gigantic joint-stock enterprises with limited liability, such as are common enough now ; but the above were companies of considerable magnitude, and they attracted much attention. The idea of

founding a new colony was especially attractive to military officers, whose career was cut short and their occupation gone owing to the general peace of 1815. There seems to have been an idea that a sort of living section of the life and social conditions of the old country could be transported to these newly discovered lands. It was intended that the settlement should be founded quite free from the convict element which had grown up with the colonies on the eastern side of Australia, and had been, in fact, the chief factor in their growth and prosperity.

One of the companies which was formed for the exploitation of the new settlement undertook to send out ten thousand settlers in four years, in consideration of receiving a million acres of land to dispose of among them. The colony would have become extremely populous if it could have settled itself throughout its whole extent on these terms, for it contains over a million square miles, or about one-third of the whole continent, measuring roughly 1,450 miles north and south by 850 miles east and west, which takes it in fact one-third of the whole distance from the west to the east coast of Australia. Steps were rapidly taken to carry out this project—though it was afterwards reduced in its scope—so rapidly, indeed, that though the first settlement on the Swan River was made only in June 1829, no less than fifty ships, containing about two thousand sanguine immigrants, arrived there before the following March. How premature was their arrival may be gathered from the fact that sufficient time had not elapsed to enable a proper exploration to be made in order to select suitable land, and, of course, no survey had been made to enable the manager to allot to each immigrant the ground he was to clear and cultivate, and build his house on.

They had to land, nevertheless; so they were hustled out of the ships with their goods, and told that the barren shore they found themselves on was the site of the town of Clarence. The manager, indeed, continued to live comfortably on board the ship that had brought him out, but the immigrants had to make shift on the desolate shore, and until their allotments could be assigned to them they had to live in idleness, consuming the stores they had brought with them. It was said that a million pounds of property was brought out with the immigrants, and, for want of proper places to store it, quantities of valuable articles—furniture, carriages of various kinds (for a country where practicable carriage roads were in the dim future), pianos

(when there were no houses), &c.—lay about on the beach, and so gradually melted away. Indeed, so completely had the wants of an imaginary well-established community been provided for, that there were barrels of spurs for a future corps of yeomanry cavalry. It was, perhaps, a pretty jolly life as long as supplies lasted, a picnic, in fact, in a land where a beautiful climate made an outdoor life very agreeable. There was even champagne going for a time, and, when everything else failed, there was the mild stimulant of tea.

Among the military men who took part in this enterprise was one who sold his commission in the Life Guards, and among other possessions brought his carriage out with him. Too late he realised that it might be a long time before there would be any roads on which this vehicle could figure; so, as the story went, he turned it to the best account by building a chimney up against one door and used it as a dwelling-house. The same gallant old officer was an accomplished draughtsman, and when in due course he built himself a house with walls of rammed earth, as the manner was, he found that they formed an excellent surface for pictorial purposes, and so adorned one of them with a large and striking representation of a charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo, led by Lord Uxbridge—in which he had taken part; and on another he depicted the battle of Pinjarrah, in which the colonists, led by Governor Stirling, had engaged in a stand-up fight with the natives of the country—an important event in the history of the colony.

The settlements struggled on. Exploring parties working inland found new districts where the soil was much better than that which had first attracted attention near the sea-board. But these districts were scattered and far removed from the capital and seaport, necessitating a great deal of road-making and bridge-building for which there was no money. Town sites, again, were duly selected as probable centres of little settlements, and marked out with fine broad streets all at right angles, sites for churches and public squares, and all blocked out into allotments in which the merchants and shopkeepers and traders could build their establishments. Among these were Fremantle, the port at the mouth of the River Swan; Perth, the capital, a few miles inland, where the river broadened out into a lake—both of these towns standing in the midst of a tract of poor sandy soil; Guildford, a little further up the river, where some better soil

was first found—these were all founded in the first year. York, Northam, and Toodyay, seventy miles from the coast across a tract of barren stony soil, were founded later on. They also were still in the valley of the Swan River, which, like almost all the rivers in Australia, has, during the greater part of the year, a dry bed connected by occasional pools. As time went on other little settlements were formed in still more distant spots, as at Augusta, which before long was abandoned ; Australind, already referred to, in which the town of Bunbury was established ; the Vasse, in the same neighbourhood, so called after the French navigator who landed there ; and Albany, 300 miles south of the Swan River settlement, at the head of the magnificent harbour of King George's Sound, where steamers now call on their way to the eastern colonies. This town was established in 1826, and was furnished with a little detachment of troops from New South Wales. After 1830 it formed part of the colony of West Australia. Fremantle, the commercial capital, does not deserve the name of a port, for it was, in fact, only a sheltered roadstead, and shipowners were not too ready to risk their ships in so unsafe a place ; so that freights were dear, and this reduced the profits of wool-growing, which was the principal colonial industry. A good deal of the best land, too, was cursed by bearing in profusion a plant which was poisonous to cattle and sheep, and, in fact, the prospects of a settler were on the whole far from being encouraging.

The consequence of all these disadvantages, added to the fact that many of the colonists were not the right class of persons to cope with the actual conditions, was that the early settlers gradually trickled away to other parts of the continent, and the population dwindled down to 6,000. Indeed, in 1848 it had almost been determined to abandon the colony, and when, shortly after, gold was discovered in New South Wales and Victoria, there was a fair prospect that the Swan River settlement would be deserted, and those who had embarked their all in it would be ruined.

At this moment a way out of the difficulty presented itself. An agitation had sprung up in the other colonies of Australia against the continuance of transportation thither. This system of disposing of criminals had been, in fact, overdone, and these colonies having been set going by transportation and having derived from that source all the advantages it could confer, had become sensible of the disadvantage that a community suffered from being built

up to such a large extent of the tainted and demoralised members of the British population.

It is curious to think that in those days, when the population of England was about half what it is now, the number of prisoners sentenced to transportation was about four times as many as are now sentenced to penal servitude—its modern equivalent—and that three-fourths of those sentenced were actually sent to Australia. Between 1810 and 1840 no fewer than 80,000 convicts had been sent to the Australian colonies, and the numbers reached such a height that in a certain five years ending with 1842 nearly 25,000 convicts were poured into these colonies, principally, if not all, to Tasmania.

The Home Government were indeed placed in a very difficult position in having to find a new direction for the great stream of convict emigration which, starting from 1787, had for so many years found its way to the old convict colonies of Australia. The formation of a new colony for convicts on the north coast was discussed, and an attempt was made to make the Cape of Good Hope a receptacle for some of them; but the Cape colonists resisted so stoutly, opposing even the landing of a shipload that was sent there, that the attempt was abandoned, and the ship (which contained, among others, Mitchell, the notorious Irish treason-felony convict) was sent on to Tasmania.

The willingness of Western Australia to receive convicts in spite of its earlier decision to have no such element in its community was accepted with alacrity, and it was determined by Earl Grey, then the Secretary for the Colonies, that the new settlement should be conducted on principles which should avoid or prevent all or most of the evils which had distinguished the old convict colonies. The men sent out were to be selected as likely to develop into good settlers; the numbers were not to be excessive, and, above all, for every convict sent out a free emigrant was also to be sent to the colony, so that an undue preponderance of settlers with the criminal taint might not lower the moral tone of the community. It was unfortunate, as it turned out, that the various aims and objects of the new system proved to be inconsistent, and tended to defeat each other. The object of the settlers was, of course, to have cheap labour, and, so far as the convicts were concerned, they could get it; but this was by no means an object to be desired by the free emigrants, who were imported at Government expense; and accordingly, as soon as they were able, they took themselves off to the eastern colonies,

which, in consequence of the gold discoveries, were now the great attraction, and where, if they could not realise fortunes in gold-digging, they were sure of the high wages which now prevailed in those regions. This development, however, did not present itself at first. A select party of convicts was sent out in 1850 under Captain (the late Sir Edmund) Henderson, as Comptroller-General, to start the new system and build the necessary prisons, &c. In those days there was no regular periodical post to Western Australia; letters were sent when it happened that there was a ship bound thither. Consequently the ship conveying the convicts brought the first news that the Home Government had acceded to the desire of the colony to receive them, and therefore no preparations had been made for them. The settlers did not at once fall in with the idea that these transported criminals might be mild and inoffensive members of society—they, or some of them at all events, expected in fact that they would be bloodthirsty ruffians, and when a discussion arose as to where they should be housed on landing, a timid colonist made the proposal that they should be herded in a tunnel that had been cut in the rock, with a sentry at each end to let fly at the first sign of discontent. They were finally placed in an empty store or warehouse establishment that happened to be available, and were soon set to turn it into a prison and surround it by a wall. Their good order and harmlessness were, soon after landing, exhibited to the colonists by their being marched on Sunday to the public church, and they were even allowed to take a prominent part in the service, as the small choir which had practised together during the voyage on board the convict ship were deputed to fulfil the same duty in the church they attended. They selected, indeed, the hymns which were to be sung, and it was a suspiciously remarkable coincidence that one of those selected commenced—

Say, oh! ye judges of the earth,  
If just your judgment be,  
Or will not earth itself appeal  
To heaven 'gainst your decree?

To carry out any useful work in the colony it was necessary that there should be a certain number of skilled artisans and instructors to superintend the convict labour, especially as the first works required must of necessity consist to a large extent of building houses, stores, &c. But the colony could not furnish these, for reasons already given; therefore, a few had to be procured from the eastern colonies, and they, of course, demanded exceed-

ingly high wages. An application was thereupon made to the Home Government to send out some officers of Royal Engineers to take charge of the works, which were scattered over large districts, with a company of sappers and miners to furnish the artisans and instructors referred to. In order to kill two birds with one stone, it was arranged that the company of sappers and miners should consist mostly of married men collected from all the other companies, in the expectation that on the termination of their service they would gladly settle down as pensioners in the colony. I was attached as a subaltern to this company.

A voyage to Australia in those days was an entirely different thing from what it is now. It had been a matter of six months—at that time the voyage lasted three or four—it now takes one month. There were no steamers to make these long voyages, as the idea of building large iron vessels capable of carrying coal enough to last the whole of such a journey had not been adopted. Sailing ships which had to cross the Equator were very apt to be becalmed for many days after losing the north-east trade winds—which carried them within some degrees of the Line—before catching the south-east, and we used to speculate as a dream of perfection on the possibility of combining sailing and steaming in the same ship, to such an extent at least as to provide steam power to carry the ship over this interval of windless ocean, where ships lay so long in ‘the doldrums,’ almost becalmed. It was, of course, common to find other ships all round in the same plight, and among our neighbours was a French transport ship from the Isle of Bourbon, bringing home a detachment of soldiers, some of whom took advantage of the placid condition of the sea to come over to us in their ship’s boats, and to invite us to some theatricals they had on board. They were a good deal astonished at the number of women and children we had with us, as they of course considered our company to be a fair sample of the whole of the British army when on the march.

We had embarked at Woolwich on September 10, 1851, and dropped down the river accompanied by a functionary I had never heard of before, who probably does not now exist, namely, the ‘ship’s husband,’ whose marital duties consisted in providing her with stores for the voyage. Dropping down the Thames and then beating down Channel took several days under the most favourable circumstances, but when once we got into the Bay of Biscay we saw no more land until we arrived in Western Australia, about December 17, and it was a joyful moment when those who had

made sea voyages before pointed out on the horizon what they said was 'the loom of the land,' and declared that they smelt the flowers; still more so when we were able to corroborate their forecast by the evidence of a butterfly which had been carried far out to sea.

The great advantage of the transportation system was, of course, that the convicts sent out were finally disposed of. They were not discharged at the end of their detention into a community which was glutted with labour, and where they ran a good chance of again joining the criminal ranks, but into a country where their labour could easily be turned to good purposes, their opportunities of embarking on a new career were easy and inviting, and where the temptations to criminal life were very much less than in the old country. But before Western Australia could adequately fulfil these conditions, and provide an outlet for a number of convicts at all approaching what the criminal courts would supply, it was necessary that the class of free employers should be much increased; that those who were already in the colony should acquire the necessary means, and that others should be tempted to it. For these reasons the convicts who could not find employers were to be housed in hiring depôts, and employed by the Government in developing the colony—making roads to connect the scattered and distant settlements, bridges over the rivers, and, above all, in improving the port, so as to encourage and not discourage trade. By this means, and by a judicious but not too grudging Imperial expenditure, it was hoped that the colonists would gradually increase their capability for employing labour, and, on the whole, the prospects of the colony seemed to have revived.

Considered as a penal system, transportation, as carried on to Western Australia, was undoubtedly very successful, for a very large proportion of men, who would most likely have drifted back into crime in England, became peaceful and law-abiding citizens. I lived for four years in close proximity to one of the hiring depôts I have referred to, and I hired servants from among the ticket-of-leave men, as well as from among the free men. I was served as faithfully by one class as by the other, the failing common to both being a liability to excess in drink, but this did not, according to a doctrine very persistently asserted, lead to grave crimes.

One of my ticket-of-leave servants was a young fellow who, when he had to leave me on account of some little irregularity, sent me his wine account, kept in a very original manner, being anxious to show me that he had not wronged me in this matter. It

ran thus:—‘ Wine account, October 19. Francis Barry drew from No. 2 case 12 bottles of sherry wines ; 1 bottle open that day, Captain —— and Mr. —— in ; that left 11 bottles on Sunday in the case. Drew from case on the 19 September, 9 bottles of port wine ; 1 bottle open that night, master in. September 27, 1 yourself, tuckit when you came from York, sir. . . . October 7, 1 Mr. ——, I giv it myself, sir. . . . Saturday last, October 23, Francis Barry received 6 bottles ale and 6 bottles porter ; what was open of this dozen, sir, I cannot tell you, sir. October 23, 1 of clarret, Mr. —— in ; and one bottle of clarret on the 22nd and one on the 23rd that leaves 4 bottles full, sir, when I met with my misfortune. Sir, I have put the wins and beer by theirselfs that you wood see how the ware yoused, sir.’

Another ticket-of-leave servant of mine, who seemed to have had a literary turn, left behind him in the corn bin an account of his ‘Trials and Temptations at Giberaulter,’ which gives his view of the situation with singular candour. He says he was highly respected, and relates how he gave away his master’s food to the prisoners, especially Yorkshiremen, with the complacency of a man conscious of warm-hearted but discriminating charity:

‘Trials and Temptation at Giberaulter. For three years and ten weeks I have had to submit to those that has had a thority over me on my first goin there. My first endeavour was that I would comply with all orders that was given, and keep myself clean ; so I won the favour of the officers and guards. I was very soon made servant to the officers, and stayed with them till I had bad health. I was sent out to work by the doctor orders. I proforms no work, but I was gangsman over twelve prisoners, to see that they did thay work right and did not run away. I was sent back to be servant in my ould place, and I did very well, and had good health after a time. I was taken from thear and sent to be servant to the oversear son, Mr. W. Harmstrong. I got as hight as I posable could get thear. I lived on the same vittles as them. I had all the work to do in the house. I was a futman, but had no livery. I had white clothing, a clean sute on every day at dinner. I was expecting to be pardoning at the Rock, but the new law would not allow that. During my stay at the Rock a very searious afair hapened. That elegant preacher that I spoke of at Millbank was chaplain at the Rock, and hee used violence upon himself by cutting his throat, and I had a black silk Andkerchief as morning to whear during my stay at Mr. Armstrong. I was hily respecceted by all that new me, and many a bellyfull I have given

to prisoners, peticler to Yorkshire men. I had enuf and to spare, and they parish with hunger, and I thought it was duty to serve the hungry instead of making willfull waste. I past a very heasy life as a prisoner at the Rock. 1854, May 17, I had a bigger trial than ever. I hird the ship had come, and I must away and leave my good place behind. At 4 o'clock, 17 May, we get on bord of the *Rameless* ship, bound for Western Australer. . . . We had good health, except 2 men; one died on the sea and that made me miserable for a long time to hear the bell toling till the body was thrown over bord the ship, and the other died as soon as he got to shoar. We ankered at Swan River, August 7, and landed on the 11th, so I have ended my second voyage under Government discipline, but I will promis you that the next will be for to please myself.'

Before three years had passed the brilliant prospects which the Western Australians had begun to indulge in were almost dashed to the ground. A change of Government in England was followed by an announcement that transportation would henceforth be carried out on a very reduced and modified scale. By virtue of an Act of Parliament passed in 1853 and amended in 1857, under which penal servitude was introduced for crimes hitherto punished by transportation, and sentences of three years were made lawful instead of a minimum of seven years, a larger number of the convicts sentenced would, in future, serve their time in England, where they might be discharged on ticket-of-leave. By this revolution in our penal system the hopes that Western Australia might rise to greatness through being a convict colony were at an end. Instead of receiving cheap labour in the shape of 2,000 or 3,000 convicts in each year, and profiting by all the Government expenditure involved in maintaining and supervising them, as well as the military force necessary to keep them in subjection, the colony had to be content with about 500 prisoners in each year. But even this little advantage was before long to be taken away. The agitation against transportation carried on by the old convict colonies on the eastern side was soon extended beyond its original scope, and carried to the point of protesting against the system being applied to any part of Australia. It was alleged that the attraction of the gold colonies was such that the convicts sent to Western Australia would sooner or later find their way thither, and form a very undesirable addition to an already unsettled and turbulent population, and though the passage overland through a

trackless and waterless desert was known to be impracticable and they were allowed to make preventive laws which made it exceedingly difficult for one who had been a prisoner in Western Australia to go by sea to the other colonies, it was ultimately thought advisable by the Home Government to discontinue transportation altogether —a decision which the success of the system of penal servitude in England, which was substituted for it, had made possible. The last cargo, consisting of 451 men, was sent there in 1867.

By this time the colony had revived from the great depression which it suffered under in 1850, and had started on a career of moderate but slow progress which continued for some years. New tracts of country were brought under settlement in the north, the copper mines were developed, a pearl fishery was started, and the very valuable jarrah timber at length came into notice and is now extensively used for wood-paving. The colony emerged from the condition of a Crown colony, and in 1890 was granted a Constitution with responsible Government. In 1891 the population had increased to 53,285, the revenue (which in 1850 was about 12,000*l.*) to about 497,670*l.* There were but few men now maintained by Government who appeared in the colony as convicts. The new gold-field of Coolgardie district was brought to notice, and the prosperity it has brought with it may be measured by the increase of the population to 89,550 in 1895. It has become so attractive to Chinese and other Asiatics that a restriction has to be placed on their entry to the southern parts of the colony. The revenue in the twelve months ending September 30, 1895, amounted to 1,235,904*l.*, and is growing at such a rate that in the twelve months ending September, 1896, it rose to 2,222,021*l.* The colony has exported 3,300,000*l.* of gold since the discovery of these fields, and is now permitted to coin money, which passes current all over the empire.

Whether this prosperity will continue, or whether the ill luck that has so long attended the colony will again assert itself, remains to be seen. The gold-fields are under the singular disadvantage of having a most limited supply of water, for which visitors have to pay sixpence a bucket, and unless it can be remedied this must be fatal to an industry which depends on a plentiful supply for washing the soil. There seems, however, to be plenty of energy in the present community and plenty of faith among capitalists, for the colony has incurred a debt of 3,417,000*l.* and has voted 2,500,000*l.* to bring a supply of water from the coast districts for the supply of the mines.

E. F. DU CANE.

## GHOSTS AND RIGHT REASON.

THE Editor has asked me to say something about Ghosts and the Ghostly : I therefore venture to make an appeal in favour of a rational treatment of the topic. It is certainly an objection to all such studies that they seem to lower the logical tone of most inquirers. One scarcely knows whether believers or unbelievers are the more prejudiced and the less reasonable. One devotee of modern science bids us reject the whole theme, *because* it may produce a recrudescence of superstition ! This is worthy of 'the dreadful consequences argufiers,' as Professor Huxley called some of his orthodox opponents. We cannot reject Darwinism because it is wrested into an excuse for immorality by M. Daudet's 'Strugforlfeur,' or M. Bourget's 'Disciple ;' nor can we refuse to examine evidence for the so-called 'Ghostly' because it may encourage other fools in other follies. Truth is to be sought heedless of consequences : so the scientific people keep telling us.

On the other side, even scientific reasoners, eminent in their own field, when engaged on ghostly territory often neglect all rules of logic and common sense, if they are inclined to believe. They prefer the unestablished, unverified, barely conceivable, abnormal explanation to a well-understood *vera causa*, and think it more likely that a lady went to church 'in the spirit' than that she went in a cab ! They even err about plain matters of geography, through a recklessness which, in other speculations, would never tempt them.

If the Scribes and Pharisees (and Sadducees) of Science, on both sides, do thus err, who can marvel at the blunders of Publicans and Philistines, and Spiritualists ? Whenever ghosts are spoken of certain elderly fallacies are invariably reproduced.

(1) 'Nobody ever knew any one who had seen a ghost : we only meet people who know somebody who saw one.' Taking 'ghost' merely as a popular description of an undetermined phenomenon, this is absurd. I generally reply, 'Now you see in me, simple as I sit here, somebody who *has* seen what you call a ghost.' I choose the following example of *this* fallacy from an essay by Mr. Goldwin Smith ('The Forum,' July 1896): 'It cannot be necessary to discuss such fictions. The only case, so far as we are

aware, in which there is anything like first-hand evidence, is that of the warning apparition to Lord Lyttelton, which may be explained as the masked suicide of a voluntary sated with life.'

How can a 'warning apparition' be 'a masked suicide'? In any case we have the apparition only at second hand, from people (such as Rowan Hamilton) to whom Lord Lyttelton told the story. At something more like first hand we have the death-bed wraith of Lord Lyttelton himself, which came from Epsom into Mr. Andrews's bedroom at Deptford! But why trouble with an old set of testimonies? Mr. Goldwin Smith will find plenty of signed and attested accounts of 'ghosts' at first hand, from well-known, honourable, and living witnesses, in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research. Evidence cannot be more formal, more contemporary, or more 'at first hand.' How happens it then that Mr. Goldwin Smith knows no first-hand evidence, or 'anything like it,' except in Lord Lyttelton's case? There is absolutely no reason for suspecting that Lord Lyttelton committed suicide, save that the theory gets rid of the ghost. And that is superfluous: his Lordship's mental condition at the time makes *his* ghost story 'not evidential.' Of this I give evidence (not first-hand) in the 'Life of John Gibson Lockhart.'

(2) 'Ghosts are only seen after dinner.' This is contrary to all the evidence. 'After dinner,' besides, does not mean with us what it meant when the venerable jest was first invented. We do not get drunk at dinner any more.

(3) 'Ghosts are the results of indigestion.' In that case they ought to be very much more common phenomena than they are. Besides, in scientific works on hallucination we do not find that hallucinations *are* frequently caused by dyspepsia.

(4) 'It was all a trick.' Now there are examples of 'spiritual manifestations' so-called caused by trickery, but this proposition cannot be converted into 'Trickery causes all spiritual manifestations.'

There are real diamonds, though paste exists; nay, there would be no paste if there were no diamonds. In each case we have to go by the evidence. As a 'rider' to No. 4 we have, 'Eusapia took in a crowd of scientific people; therefore the whole subject is nonsense.' *Distinguo.* Eusapia did take in some scientific people; others reserved their judgment, and finally detected an imposture of which they had always publicly recognised the symptoms.

As an example of recklessness of evidence, on the sceptical side, I may say that I was accused, by a scientific journal, of having examined, and been deceived, by Eusapia. I never went near her: I am not a conjuror or a scientific person; my evidence would not count. I only said that Mr. Maskelyne should inspect the lady. But a scientific person took it for granted that I was one of her victims, and said so. Moreover a society devoted to a very wide range of topics, many of them strictly scientific, cannot be exploded by a mistake made by one or two members in an out-lying theme. One member of one society may say, 'There is a bogey,' as one member of another society may say, 'There is not a God,' but the two societies need not share the burden of these hasty conclusions.

(5) 'But I don't see any use in ghosts. What purpose do they serve?' This is perhaps the commonest fallacy of all. I don't see any use in *argon*, but that is no argument against its existence. What purpose does the sensible Universe serve? Plenty of things exist—everything, in fact—I really do not know *why*.

(6) 'But ghosts are so foolish. *Why* do they behave like that?' Really, as I know nothing about the nature of ghosts, I cannot answer the question; though the conduct of the embodied is often equally puzzling. Our ignorance is not a ground of disbelief, or a reason for refusing to try to know better. Most ghosts appear to me to be crazy, and all to be subject to curious limitations. We must beware, as in all other inquiries, of taking the *a priori* road. We cannot judge of a ghost by what we, *a priori*, expect a ghost to be and to do. He need not be wiser than an embodied soul; the evidence goes to show that he is generally much more foolish. And *why* not? Probably, as the Scotch say of an idiot, 'he is not all there.' The balance of him may be disgusted by his conduct, and hold him in high contempt. In a ghost story, 'Castle Perilous,' which I once contributed to the CORNHILL, the ghost admitted this: he said he hoped that nothing silly or vulgar had occurred during his temporary lapse of consciousness. He was just like a courteous epileptic patient. If we are to be rational, then we must make allowances for our ignorance, and for the unknown laws and conditions of the unknown residuum of fact which may, or may not, produce the undetermined phenomenon roughly styled 'a ghost.' Suppose I die, and a shadowy thing, like me, prowls about; suppose that strange, inexplicable noises occur, and so on. I protest against the theory that my

immortal soul is entirely engaged in these pursuits. Something vaguely connected with me—about as much of *me* as *argon* is of the atmosphere—may be hallucinating the public, or the maids; but the odds are that the balance of my surviving consciousness either knows nothing, or highly disapproves of, these performances. How such things can occur, if they do occur, I don't know; but then I know so little even of the embodied consciousness.

Let me give an example—I have given it elsewhere—of the scientific method with a ghost. A lady, known to me, visiting a house, was pestered all night by a ghost in armour. Next morning she found (what she had not hitherto *consciously* observed) a portrait of her visitor in the room. Mr. Sully, writing on 'Illusions,' argued, very properly so far, that she had, unconsciously, seen the picture, which, therefore, haunted her dreams. He added that, curiously enough, other people were said to have undergone the same experience in the same room. Now the odds against such an unusual experience repeating itself several times, to different people, in the same room, are so very long as to demand further inquiry and explanation. These Mr. Sully did not make, or did not give. We all sleep in hundreds of rooms, among thousands of pictures, yet we do not see the subjects of pictures which we have not observed walking about. Why should one picture in one room produce, in various cases, such singular results? Just where the interest of the question of illusions begins Mr. Sully drops the question. Another step in quest of evidence and, in place of being a scientific psychologist, Mr. Sully would have become a psychical researcher! Not to take that step is the scientific method.

If we select the ghostly for our province we find that the alleged facts fall into regular classes, recognised from all antiquity. Let us roughly set down the various categories, all of which true believers account for by the agency of 'spirits,' embodied or, more often, not embodied. Now the idea of 'spirits' is a very early deduction of the human mind from misunderstood facts. All savages believe in disembodied spirits. To this opinion they have reasoned from observation of the phenomena of life, death, trance, sleep, dream, force, and so forth. All force, in brief, is exerted, they think, by an 'I'—by a will of which the early reasoner believes himself to be conscious. What he believes about himself he applies to everything. He moves himself, and other objects, by, or after, an effort of mind and will; therefore all movements,

all phenomena, are caused by mind and will. When there is no visible, tangible agent, then an invisible, intangible, but conscious will is supposed to be at work. That will is a spirit. Spirit can leave a man, as in sleep, dream, trance, and death, as a shadow leaves the substance in the absence of strong light. Spirit, or shadow, is, therefore, separable from the body. In sleep, dream, trance it departs, and returns again at waking. It moves in dream and trance at any distance from the body. In death it does not return again to the limbs, but why should it be extinct? It exists elsewhere, and may be heard in forest sounds, in whispers and gibberings, in unexplained raps and knockings (Burmah, Australia, Borneo, China). It may even be *seen*, sometimes (as at the moment of death), by some persons. There are also countless other spirits, which have never been embodied at all. Such is the savage philosophy of spirits, 'Animism,' which many of us still inherit. It is coherent, but unsatisfactory, as a theory. The common facts of life and death are capable of another explanation, which is not exactly satisfying either!

But there are, or are said to be, *uncommon* facts. Taking them in order, and beginning with dreams, all ages are full of stories of prophetic dreams, in which time, or distance, is overrun, and the future, or the remote, is discerned. Here (granting the facts) the savage explanation is that the *spirit* of the dreamer wandered 'out of space, out of time.' Believers to-day would need, first, to secure *unimpeachable* evidence that the dream was recorded *before* the event. Next, chance coincidence would have to be allowed for, and that is allowing a great deal. If any dreams refused to yield to such solvents, the modern believer would neither say that God, or spirits, 'spoke to' the sleeper (as Walton writes of the Wottons) nor that the 'spirit' of the dreamer wandered away. The believer would merely remark that, for all he knows, space and time may be 'subjective sensuous schemata:' conditions, for all he knows, by which human consciousness, like the Divine consciousness, is not *always* trammelled.

This may sound very learned, or very silly, but language does not permit much simpler speech in matters where we are so ignorant. As to the evidence for the existence of such dreams, any one can read the reports of the Society for Psychical Research, and make up his own mind as to its value, *qua* evidence. But this is precisely what next to nobody will do; hence the talk on the subject is usually ignorant. Now, on all topics, from salmon-

flies to ghosts, I think we ought, if we must be speaking, to know our subject. I myself, having examined the evidence, think that there is reason for suspension of opinion. But this is horribly unscientific, and, if I wished to be popular, I would condemn the whole matter without taking the trouble to know anything about it. As savages reasoned hastily from misconceived premises, therefore belief is a survival, therefore unworthy of the nineteenth century; therefore I must reject the evidence for 'proleptic' or prophetic dreams without examination. Alas, my temperament is not so scientific as all that!

What applies to dreams applies to truths said to be abnormally discerned in trance, 'vision,' 'second sight,' 'crystal-gazing.' Savages believe in all these things, and explain them by the hypothesis of spirit, or spirits, already described. To myself it seems that the evidence must first, in each event, be such as would satisfy a jury in a civil case, or even better, as the occurrences are less usual and probable. Next, as casual waking hallucinations (though much less frequent than dreams) do actually occur, we must discount the chances of *accidental* coincidence with unknown facts. But this demands a collection of statistics of 'visions,' fulfilled or unfulfilled, which in practice cannot be obtained. The usual tales of 'death-bed wraiths' come under this condemnation. There are many well-attested examples, and the Maoris regard such wraiths as legal evidence of death. But such hallucinations, not simultaneous with death or any other crisis, are so common that nobody should regard their coincidence with death as anything but fortuitous. Out of eight or ten such appearances, known to myself as having occurred to myself or to my intimate friends, only one was actually coincident with the decease of the person seen. If, then, such experiences have any objective cause, we do not know what that cause may be. The evidence for *clairvoyance*, again, though considerable, is inadequate to any purpose but that of suggesting the suspension of judgment. On only one point am I certain. Some people (as all savage, classical, and mediæval tradition alleges) *can* be hallucinated by gazing into water, crystal, and so forth. So far, I do not doubt, an universal tradition has a basis of fact. That the vision *may* (rarely) coincide with unknown remote facts I also believe. But here, once more, the coincidence may be fortuitous. The mere fact of the hallucinations is precisely of the kind which has been studied by Mr. Galton, and the classical, mediæval, and savage hypothesis that

'spirits' appear in the crystal should not, I think, deter psychologists from experiment. All facts, without exception, such as facts of disease, have been explained as the action of 'spirits.' Yet we study facts of disease. We have here only the evidence of the subjects, or seers, but we have no better evidence for other facts of a psychological and subjective nature. When I urged these considerations on the attention of the Folklore Society the President explained crystal visions as the results of some morbid affection of the liver. This was scientific, but such unusual cases of liver disease (in healthy subjects) seem to myself to deserve the attention of psychologists, and of pathologists. However, it may be more scientific to say 'Liver!' and drop the subject. I have, certainly, only such evidence about crystal gazing as Mr. Galton collects about the visualisation of numbers. I can no more visualise coloured rows of figures than I can see moving pictures in crystals. But the evidence of honourable men and women suffices for me, as it does for Mr. Galton, and I am convinced that the world-wide tradition of 'magic mirrors' has subjective facts as its basis. It would be odd if it had not. Of course all paid and professional, or semi-professional, 'seers' are so outrageously dishonest that no man of sense regards them. The town is full of such mercenary impostors, whom silly people visit and pay; the world being divided into superstitious dupes, and persons of strong minds who say 'Stuff and nonsense,' and scientific characters who reject evidence without examination. I am as a *vox clamantis in eremo*, a 'silly old man' who, however, *does* try to know something about his 'silly old subject.' I don't feel at all sure that it is a subject of any importance; I know it is a bore, but it is talked about a good deal, and, if we *are* to talk, let us talk with a measure of knowledge and a dose of logic.

None of those 'ghostly' themes has anything to do with 'ghosts,' or such appearances and phenomena as are popularly ascribed to the agency of the spirits of the dead. These, of course, are familiar to savages at large, and are easily accounted for on their principles. Classical records, the writings of the Fathers, and literature in general are full of ghosts and haunted houses. This general consent of humanity has induced reasoners like Dr. Johnson to suppose that 'there is something in it.' But the doctor admitted that a bare presumption is not evidence, and asked for more and better. He does not seem to have remarked that there are two questions, first as to phenomena and the evidence for

them ; next, as to the inferences from them, if their existence be admitted. Thus it is clear that, if all the Royal Society at once saw the late Monsieur de Maupertuis, as, after his decease, one *savant* did, we still cannot argue that the spirit of a dead man was visibly present and filling space. There are hallucinations, and even collective hallucinations common to a number of persons, at once, or successively. About collective hallucinations science says little. It might account for them by 'suggestion,' if British science went so far as to admit that explanation. All senses may be hallucinated. It is ideally conceivable, therefore (though not very likely), that all the Royal Society might simultaneously be hallucinated into the notion that they saw, heard, and touched M. de Maupertuis, who has long been dust. But we cannot argue (as I fear Dr. Johnson would have done) that they were in presence of a ghost—that is, of the visible, tangible, audible spirit of a dead man. I don't see how the ghost could prove his ghosthood. Say he told them of a certain manuscript of his, unheard of, in a corner of the Royal Library at Berlin ; say that the manuscript was found there ; still we might fall back on 'unconscious cerebration.' In fact, I can imagine literally *no* way in which a ghost could demonstrate his existence scientifically. To be sure I cannot demonstrate my own, nor that of the universe ; they are generally taken 'at face value.' But a ghost (merely because he is rather scarce) has no such privilege.

Let me give an example of a ghost which did her very best, yet, I think, unsuccessfully. A young bagman who lived in Mo., U.S., had a favourite sister. She died ; years passed ; one day, in a distant city, the bagman was entering his orders, alone, at his inn, and smoking a cigar. Looking up, he saw his dead sister. With that pitiful, natural movement known to all who have, for a moment, recognised a dead face in a face of the living, he forgot her death. He leaped up to embrace her, but she was gone. Much distressed, he hurried home and told his family. 'She had a scar on her cheek which she had not in life,' he said, 'a red scratch.' His mother rose and left the room. The others reasoned with him, said 'he had dreamed it all,' and so on. But when he went out his mother took him aside.

'You did see her,' she said. 'As she lay in her coffin I was arranging flowers about her, alone, and my brooch-pin scratched her face. I hid it with powder, and no one knew.'

This tale, published by the S.P.R., is attested, in writing,

by all concerned. The obvious way of dealing with the story is to say that all the family lied. But why go so far? There is here no proof of a ghost. The mother knew the facts, and they reached the son, in visual form, by 'thought-transference' from the mother—if you believe in thought-transference, a subject on which I have not made up my mind.

On the whole, then, granting apparitions, we cannot possibly prove that they are 'ghosts'—that is, spirits of the dead. *That* theory is merely part of the general savage hypothesis of Animism. Science does not deny the possibility of hallucinations (therefore, of apparitions); it only objects to the doctrine of spirits. But, in haunted houses, the phenomena are often of such a nature that the ordinary mind flies to the hypothesis of spirits as the 'phantasmogenetic agency.' That is highly distasteful to science, for pretty obvious reasons, and therefore the Royal Society is not likely to imitate its original members when they investigated haunted houses. Indeed, it is hardly to be asked that science should leave the solid ground of physical facts for the sliding sands of psychical possibilities. All we can ask is that physical science shall abstain from judgments not based on examination of evidence. This was the attitude of Mr. Darwin.

Haunted houses are, of course, as old as permanent human habitations. Before men had dwellings more fixed than the *gunyeh* in the Bush, then the Bush itself was haunted. Ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece knew the phenomena of hauntings. In the Middle Ages and later, haunted houses raised difficulties, as between owner and tenant, for the courts of law. Lately the newspapers have discussed 'Silverton Abbey.' The tenant is obliged to pay rent for a house in which he is unable to reside. The curious visit the place, among them one person well known to myself, and report noises which cannot be accounted for, or experimentally reproduced in the apparent circumstances. A judicious arrangement of barbed wire in the passages and of tin tacks 'with the business ends up' might perhaps lay the ghosts. But the phenomena are of the usual sort.

Unexplained sights, or unexplained sounds, or both, are the curse of haunted houses. Some famous cases have never been explained. We have the Tedworth Drummer at Mr. Mompesson's, under Charles II.; we have the Wesleys' Rectory at Epworth (1716); we have the Cideville case, in France (1851); we have the case of the house at Willington Mill, inhabited by the Procters,

one of whom, at least, survives, and remembers the occurrences in his childhood. In all these instances there were unaccountable knocks and noises; movements of objects apparently untouched; and apparitions in human or animal form, now defined (as of a monkey at Willington), now of undetermined or unknown species. In no case was a semblance of a dead person recognised. Indeed, such recognition is extremely rare. Admitting the evidence, a haunted house is one in which most people (but not always all) hear odd, inexplicable noises, and some see inexplicable sights. As to the evidence, the Rev. Joseph Glanvil, F.R.S., himself witnessed the Tedworth troubles. A rumour was circulated that a fraud had been discovered; this the owner of the house, Mr. Mompesson, solemnly denied. For Epworth we have the contemporary letters and diaries of several of the Wesleys. Dr. Salmon, of Trinity College, Dublin, has made an elaborate attempt to prove that there was one trickster, and only one (thus the secret could be kept)—namely, Hetty Wesley. From the documents I have established the certainty that, if the girls were the tricksters, they were *all* concerned, not Hetty alone; hence the preservation of the secret (even granting the possibility of the feasts) is not easily to be explained. For the Willington case, we have contemporary journals of the Procters. For the Cideville case, we have legal reports in a trial for libel. In all cases the phenomena suggested, *prima facie*, the action of a limited, tricksy, and malevolent intelligence; in none was the known death of an inmate of the house even suggested as an explanation.

Now, if we turn for a moment to Froissart, we find him repeating a tale of an invisible knocking sprite named Orthon, inflicted on a knight by an angry clerk. The knight tamed Orthon, who brought him intelligence, foreign and domestic, but Orthon, resenting an insult, abandoned the castle. Orthon was friendly and clever, but before he was tamed he was just a noisy *Poltergeist*, like the others. Not one of these was regarded as a ghost of a dead inmate. At Willington no theory was entertained. At Tedworth, Epworth, and Cideville the owner or tenant was at feud with persons pretending to 'magical' powers, as was the knight in Froissart. We can draw no conclusion, of course, unless we believe, with the theory in Lord Lytton's tale, 'The Hauntings and the Haunted,' that the human will can 'cast the glamour' over a house, and hallucinate its inhabitants. We must come to this, or to the

hypothesis of a traditional art of trickery, which, again, works on the nerves and brain of the victims, and predisposes to exaggeration and even to hallucination. The reported phenomena are always identical in kind ; nor should we forget the phenomenon of unexplained lights. Further I profess myself unable to go. The persistence, through many years, of the phenomena at Willington and elsewhere seems hardly consistent with practical joking, which, besides, must have been uncommonly artful, if it so long escaped detection. At 'Silverton Abbey' the loss and inconvenience caused must surely have provoked careful inquiry. On the other hand, many impostures have been discovered, and a few have been falsely alleged, as at Tedworth. The main point, as regards 'ghosts,' is that they are so seldom recognised by persons who knew the dead, and that the hallucinations are so various. There are, indeed, instances in which recognition is asserted ; in one, known to me, the photograph of the 'ghost' was picked by the seer (who had never seen the dead person) out of sixty photographs. But it would be impossible to demonstrate that the seer had not subtly procured a photograph for purposes of fraud, or had not gone on descriptions of the deceased in making the choice. These things, then, are singular and strange, and well-attested enough, I think, to make suspension of judgment an attitude not unreasonable. We really do not know everything in Nature ; and our ignorance does not justify us in reasoning, *a priori*, that phenomena of which we know neither the causes, the conditions, nor the purpose are, therefore, non-existent. The universal, identical, and world-old evidence of tradition may, indeed, be explained as a survival of savage ignorance and of savage theories and beliefs. But the modern statements are by no means always valueless as evidence to facts, and they tally with the tradition. They corroborate, to some extent, the old alleged facts ; when it comes to theory we need not fall back on 'Animism.' No sane crystal-gazer now believes that 'spirits' are in the ball, or ink, or whatever vehicle is used. But superstitious, unreasoning people ban even the harmless illusions of crystal-gazing as harmful or unholy.

Moving in worlds imperfectly realised, we are still, for the most part, prejudiced, or superstitious, or indolent of mind, or illogical, or 'dreadful consequences argufiers.' Some are afraid that these researches may beget a belief in God and the soul. Some are afraid that they may lower the dignity of the soul, or lead to heterodoxy about the future life. Some are wild with hope

that the existence of the soul after the bodily death may be demonstrated, and *their* credulity is often boundless. We have nothing to do with possible consequences, real or presumed. We have only to do with evidence for facts, and the inquiry into these facts we may all justifiably neglect, for we are not all born to be seekers of truth. What we ought *not* to do, in this field, or in any other, is to 'pay ourselves with words ;' to repeat old parrot-cries, to hide our heads in the sand, like the fabled ostrich, and then pronounce an opinion about the clouds. Every one smiles at Mr. Carlyle's denunciations, entirely *a priori*, of the Darwinian Theory. Mr. Carlyle, not liking what he conceived to be the reasonable inferences from the theory, scouted it as foolishness without inquiry. 'Follies of the wise !' Our business is to know what there is to be known about a subject, or to hold our peace when it is discussed. But this, apparently, is a counsel of perfection.

To sceptics I would offer a hint. It is often said, 'Whenever a ghost story is examined it falls to pieces,' and a single instance, from China, is quoted. Very well, when you find an accessible ghost story, examine it ! Somebody lately sent me the following yarn : A gentleman was returning to his house—say, in Wilts—and walked from the station. He met an old man whom he knew, 'a-sitting on a gate.' They spoke, and the old man said he was 'waiting for Mr. Frederick.' 'He does not come for some days,' said the squire, and, arrived at home, spoke of the old man.

'Why, he's *dead* ; they say he walks !' was the reply. And Mr. Frederick died before he came home.

This struck me as a 'chestnut'—an old, old yarn. I mentioned it to a friend, who said, 'When I heard it last the old man was an old woman.'

Now, granting this discrepancy, it no more kills a ghost story than it kills any other story. Such discrepancies come into all current reports of all incidents. The inquirer must go to the fountain-head, and to first-hand corroborated testimony. But I put it to the unbeliever's honour, would he not reject the story of Mr. Frederick and the old man at once, as necessarily exploded, just because there was a discrepancy in two popular fourth-hand versions ? I have been told that a ghost, well known to me, was seen 'at Lady Seaforth's.' I knew it was not so, and I also knew exactly how the error had arisen. I don't say I believe in that ghost, but a discrepancy in names would not have laid him. Let

a ghost have sportsmanlike 'law,' and, even if some ghost stories do not stand cross-examination, let us beware of the inference that none stand it. For events of all sorts do really occur, though many versions of all sorts of events do not bear to be examined.

It will be remarked by the learned (to whom only I appeal) that this opinion has been anticipated by a fair German thinker: 'I don't exactly say that I believe in evil spirits,' remarks Madame Buchholz, 'but still a good many things do happen in this world which no one can explain properly—not even Fritz, who knows most things better than other people.' Substituting Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Ernest Hart for Fritz, this nearly represents my own conclusions. I wished to add the very latest specimen of a haunted house, but regard for the rights of property and the value of a tenement makes me hold my hand. Suffice it to say that, in spite of popular science, so-called ghosts can still affect the relations between landlord and tenant.

ANDREW LANG.

SOME INCIDENTS OF  
THE SPERM WHALE FISHERY.

LOVERS of marvellous tales have indeed an embarrassment of riches in these days. What with the wonders of science, the achievements of commerce, and the kaleidoscope of Africa, to say nothing of fiction, the menu never lacks variety, and discrimination becomes a fine art. Yet one can hope that even to the jaded palate of a latter-day reader a gentle thrill may be given by the simple recital of a few incidents in the ordinary course of the sperm whale fishery, now, alas! through neglect almost moribund. Perhaps these recollections may be found of greater interest just now in view of the imminent departure for southern seas of the Antarctic Expedition, from which so much is hoped and expected.

These encounters carry us back to primeval conditions. In them man, armed with primitive spear and harpoon, meets upon equal terms one of the most terrible monsters known either on land or in ocean. Equality may well be insisted upon, because to counterbalance man's high intelligence comes the disadvantage of boat handling, from which, of course, the whale is free. The unstable sea, too, ranges itself upon the side of its denizens, and since man is ever but an intruder upon those mobile plains, in warfare with the mightiest and oldest of its inhabitants his disabilities are exceedingly great. Again, the sperm whale, cachalot, or pott-fisch (*Physeter macrocephalus*), as this marvellous mammal is indifferently termed, is, compared with the great *Mysticetus*, or Greenland whale, as a shark to a cod, a tiger to a lamb. No timid mountain of blubber-laden flesh is he, whose only thought is of flight, and as easy to kill as an exaggerated *Holothuria*. The huge, unwieldy cetacean, long familiar to the wondering eyes of childhood from numberless pictures of the Arctic regions, is so inoffensive and gentle that when attacked by a pair of 'killers' (*Orca gladiator*), either of which he could swallow whole were his gullet proportionate to his size, he meekly submits to their importunities, and allows them to enter his mouth, devour his huge tongue, and depart delightedly.

It happened on one occasion that we were cruising off the

coast of Japan during a very successful season, and having just 'cut in' a large 'fish,' were busy 'trying out' the blubber. A violent commotion near the ship drew our attention from the work in hand, and for the next quarter of an hour we witnessed as tremendous a fight as old Homer himself could have wished to describe. Two 'killers' and a huge swordfish (*Xiphias*), desperate with hunger, had combined their forces and ventured to attack a half-grown bull cachalot. Nothing, I am persuaded, but the direst necessity and pressure of want could have prompted them to undertake so grave a conflict, although it must needs be confessed that their combination was a powerful one. It fell to the swordfish to lead off, and he launched himself at the whale like a Whitehead torpedo, pointed direct for the most vital part. But a gentle swerve of the wary cachalot presented to the attack, instead of the vulnerable broadside, the oblique impenetrable mass of his head. The awful blow of the sword impelled by the furious speed of the mass behind it struck just before the whale's eye, ripping a white streak diagonally upwards through the gristly substance covering the skull, but spending its force in the air above, while the great body following glided serpent-like right over the whale's head, and fell helplessly upon the other side. With incredible agility for so vast a bulk, the cachalot turned, settling slightly withal, then rising lower jaw uppermost, he caught the xiphias fairly in the centre between those mighty shears, and cleft him in two halves. A sideway shake of the great head, a scarce perceptible gulp, and the tail half of that swordfish slid down the whale's cavernous throat with as much ease and rapidity as it had been an oyster. Meanwhile, the Orcas had not been remiss in supporting the spirited attack of their ill-fated coadjutor. One hung upon either flank of their giant foe and worried him as dogs a boar. But their time had come. After vainly endeavouring by rolling and writhing to free himself from them, he suddenly changed his tactics. Rearing himself majestically out of the seething eddies like a mighty column of black rock, he fell backwards, tearing himself away from the clinging monsters. Up rose his enormous tail from the boiling vortex, and, descending like a gigantic scythe, literally crushed one of his aggressors beneath it, the sound of the blow reverberating like thunder. The survivor fled, but the infuriated Titan pursued, leaping, like a dolphin, half out of the sea at every bound, and although we could not see the end of the chase, we had little

doubt but that *Orca gladiator* paid the full penalty of his rashness under the lethal sweep of those terrible jaws.

One prolonged interview with a sperm whale remains minutely impressed upon my memory above a vast number of others. We had recently left one of the Friendly Islands, where, by the terms of their agreement, the whole native portion of our crew had rejoicingly left us. All efforts to induce others to fill the vacancies were unavailing, the impression left by the tales told of whaling life being as yet very vivid. Therefore we were very short-handed, and, to make matters worse, most of us were in feeble health, as a result of our plentiful indulgence in fruit after the long course of filthy food such as whaling crews usually starve upon. We were making the best of our way to Futuna, near Fiji, seeking recruits, and hardly expected to sight sperm whales. Nevertheless, one evening just before sunset a large solitary cachalot was sighted by the look-out, and two boats were at once manned and lowered, leaving the ship in charge of the captain, four hands, and the cook. As ill luck would have it, the whale was going very deliberately, so that with the stiff trade blowing we were soon 'in his water.' All witness of our proximity, he threw up his broad flukes for a leisurely descent, when our harpooner by a very long dart managed to pierce him with the barbed iron. When the usual preliminary writhings and struggles were over, and the aggrieved monster had sought the solitudes below, we found that the sun had set, and darkness was coming on with its invariable tropical rush. But the weather was fine, with little sea running, the harpoon was well fast, why should we not hold on? Grudgingly we gave him line, literally inch by inch, for the spectacle of a line running out so fast as to set a boat on fire by its friction round the loggerhead existed only in the imagination of those who have stated it—except, of course, where an ignorant or foolhardy harpooner has struck one of the clipper-built useless whales that, from their speed, are practically uncatchable.

When at last, after an absence of forty minutes, the object of our attentions returned to the surface the gloom of a moonless night was upon us. A wide-spreading glare of phosphorescence alone betrayed his whereabouts, but so indefinitely that our hopes of getting to effective close quarters with him were faint indeed. The second boat, however, managed to get fast to him, which was a doubtful benefit, since the danger of collision with each other

now that our volition was not independent was very great. But the big 'fish' seemed peaceably inclined, and steadily ploughed ahead through the glowing sea at an even rate of about ten knots per hour, so that the outlook was not yet at all bad. Steadily we hauled up as near to where we supposed him to be as we dared, and occasionally hurled a lance into the darkness amid the bright foam where he might reasonably be expected to be. As the boats were towing one on either side of him, this practice was risky in the extreme, for a lance vigorously darted glided over the whale's back and pierced the other boat's planks, happily without injury to the occupants. For some time we scurried on without injuring or being injured until our chief, brought butt up against the whale's flank, at once plunged his long lance into the great mass up to the socket. The effect was marvellous. Forward at tremendous speed we were hurled, while all around us in one wide turmoil the dazzling waves foamed and boiled, and the boat-steerers bent their best energies to keeping the boats as far apart as possible. In a moment all was still, and as suddenly the two boats spun round as upon an axis and rushed at each other as if bent upon mutual destruction. The crash came with a violence that threw all hands on their beam ends, but without a moment's pause away we flew in the opposite direction. This little game pleased our friend the enemy so much that he repeated his subaqueous summersault several times, after each of which we invoked blessings upon the heads of those faithful boat builders whose work was being put to so terrible a test. Such tremendous exertions could not, in the nature of things, go on indefinitely, and accordingly after a while, which was doubtless much shorter than we thought it, leviathan slowed down again. Then the chief handled his bomb-gun. This antique weapon is utterly unworthy of the go-ahead American genius, but 'down East' whalers are notoriously conservative. It is a short thick musket, carrying an iron or brass bomb about a foot long and an inch in diameter, and filled with gunpowder. A percussion cap within the hollow steel arrowhead ignites a short fuse connected with the powder when the weapon strikes the whale, and if it penetrate a vital part, that whale's career comes to a sudden and violent end.

The mate fired his bomb, and the immediate result was, to say the least, astonishing, probably to the whale, certainly to us. Almost simultaneously with the discharge the vast creature

leaped fully twenty feet into the air, and the sight of his mighty form entirely outlined against the blue-black sky filled us with wholesome dread. Then he fell—fell like the apocalyptic mountain, while the indignant ocean rose in glittering columns of shining water all around, which, falling in their turn, created a seething maelstrom in whose vortex we poor chips were tossed like toys. Drenched with spray and baling for dear life, but all unharmed as yet, away we sped again into the darkness upon our apparently unending journey. Many an unuttered wish arose from the crew that the lines might part and set us free, but no such thought troubled the iron heads of the officers. With them it is a point of honour to kill the whale or be killed by him, and nothing short of a complete smash up would make them loose voluntarily from a whale. So the weary night wore on. At last the pace slackened again, and calling up what physical reserves were yet available we got alongside of him good.

Thrust after thrust of the long lances reached him without any attempt at retaliation. He was apparently pumped right out, for his movements became feebler and fewer until he gently turned upon his broad side and relaxed into the limpness of death. Exhausted with the long fight we gladly sought comfort in a pipe, and lolled at our ease enjoying to the full our much-needed rest, while the chief used his remaining strength to bore a hole as usual through the great tail-fin wherein to fasten the whale line. A short spade-like weapon with a razor-keen edge is always used for this, and the mate hacked vigorously away anxious to get the line passed ready for transference to the ship. All at once, without the slightest warning, the apparently dead whale started into life, and with one fearful back lash of his tail hurled the spade from the mate's hands into the midst of us. It struck the tub oarsman, a genial Irishman named George Flynn, splitting his head literally in two halves lengthways. No moment was available for regret or mourning, we were all in confusion and withal rushing along at incredible speed. Before any further damage could be done all was over. It had been a last flash of energy, but, unhappily, had cost us a valuable life. Before we had quite realised what had happened profound stillness reigned among us, while our thoughts were too solemnly engaged with the awful event that had just visited us to speculate upon the whereabouts of the ship. Of course our poor shipmate never realised what had happened, his death being instantaneous. Very silently we sat and waited for the dawn, while the probability of our being out of

sight of the ship became unpleasantly prominent to all our minds. Being without food or water, as usual, the horror of our situation had such been the case needs no emphasising. Further misery was mercifully spared us, for the dawn revealed the old ship at no great distance. Speedily she bore down upon us and got our capture alongside, after which we sought the greasy shades below for a long and well-earned sleep. The whale was one of the poorest ever seen for his size, his blubber being like leather and yielding scarce any oil. This was due doubtless to the fact that his great lower jaw was twisted at right angles to his body, the result probably of some juvenile freak, while his bones were soft, and must have disabled him permanently from successful combat with the gigantic squid, his proper food.

As a general rule it may be expected that a cachalot will try to escape when first attacked, but very dangerous exceptions are frequently met with. In cases like the preceding, should the whale after a long conflict escape and survive, he is almost sure to develop into a terrible foe. Conscious of his own powers as well as of the limitations of his enemies, he is quite capable of carrying the war into the enemy's country with dreadful results. Many reminiscences might be recorded of cases like these, where not boats alone but the ships themselves have been destroyed by the furious monsters.

But in this paper only personal happenings are set down. We unfortunately met with a sperm whale of this eminently undesirable class near Norfolk Island, and it seemed hardly short of miraculous that any of us escaped with our lives. Fortunately we were in first-rate fighting trim, full manned and well trained, while our officers were veterans versed in all the ways of the wily whale. It was just after breakfast on Sunday morning when 'fish' were sighted, and we managed to get fast to a medium-sized bull cachalot in about half an hour after lowering. Contrary to their usual custom the remainder of the school made off, going at such speed to windward that the loose boats were hopelessly distanced in their pursuit. Well for us that it was so, for our 'fast fish,' instead of convulsively endeavouring to free himself from the iron or 'sounding,' deliberately 'milled' round and came for us head on. He looked an exceedingly ugly customer. It was just all we could do to dodge him, and but that he would try to bite we could hardly have kept clear of him. He, however, wanted to settle matters off-hand, and as the cachalot is incapable of raising the massive lower jaw, but must, like a shark, turn on his back

we always managed not to be there when he arrived in the first biting position.

But get astern of him we could not. The other boats returned from the chase, and while one of them sailed in and got fast, the other two hovered around waiting an opportunity to rush in and use the lance. The whale seemed to be quite satisfied with the new arrangement and immediately adapted his tactics to meet present requirements. Instead of rushing along the surface at us as when we were singly opposed to him, he kept making short journeys below, rising again with fearful velocity, jaws gaping to their full extent. This sort of thing was very wearing, and kept all hands looking over the side and ready to take to the water instanter should he manage to come up and catch the boat in that awful cavernous mouth of his. Again and again we just cleared him by a foot or two; once, indeed, he wrenched the tub-oarsman's oar from his grasp. It was evident that if he did not soon tire something would happen that must almost certainly mean severe loss of life. Suddenly he bounded into the air like a salmon, nearly swamping us all in the disturbance created by his fall. Before we had recovered from the shock our ever-watchful mate caught sight of the ominous livid gleam in the water beneath us and screamed hoarsely, 'Stern all!' just too late—we were all baling, boat half full of water. Up came the black column of his head on one side, the white serrated shaft of the lower jaw on the other, and like so many frightened frogs we bounced into the water, the last sound in our ears the horrid scrunch of our boat being ground into a shapeless bundle of splinters. Knowing that the cachalot never attacks a man in the water we were under no apprehension of becoming Jonahs, although we were amply satisfied as to his ability to swallow the six of us at a gulp had he been so minded. So we were comparatively comfortable until picked up by one of the loose boats. The ship being in close attendance we at once returned on board, and the captain, taking charge of the boat that brought us, returned to the scene of battle to try his luck. He took with him several 'black fish pokes,' or bladders of the *Grampus macrorhynchus*, which, when inflated, are about two feet in diameter. These, upon approaching the whale, he threw overboard. The animal immediately struck at one of these decoys with his flukes, proving that it was possible thus to divert his aggressive attentions from the boats. Our dexterous skipper then loaded his bomb-gun and, watching his opportunity, rushed in behind the monster and fired a bomb into him at short range.

It was a grand shot, taking effect just abaft and slightly above the pectoral fin. The very next spout that issued from his spiracle was stained with blood, and the following one was thick with the clotted gore. Nothing was now needed on our part but to keep out of his way while he died. Truly a sublime spectacle this, the final agony of the mightiest of God's creatures bowing to the all-conqueror. He rushes at incredible speed around the circumference of a vast circle, upon one side, with the uppermost fin waving convulsively, jaws snapping, and body writhing, while the surrounding sea is incarnadined by the torrents of hot blood foaming from his spout hole. With one final Titanic effort he raises himself two-thirds out of the gory flood, then falls supine with a long groaning expiration and is dead. Like a low shoal he lies, over which a small surf breaks with a monotonous moan.

Not the least of the perils attendant upon this fascinating pursuit is the liability of the boats to lose touch with the ship. For as their capacity is exceedingly limited, the crew large, and equipment extensive, there is but little room for any provisions, so a few biscuits and a keg of water must suffice for the needs of six men during a fishing. Of course, generally speaking, there is little danger of a boat being lost, except at night, when indeed fishing is rarely undertaken or carried on. The sperm whale's habit when 'fast' is to run more or less in circles, and it is seldom that this practice is deviated from. It does happen, though, occasionally that a cachalot with a boat attached to him will head straight to windward and in one undeviating rush cover many miles of sea. Such a monster of iniquity it was our evil hap to encounter one Christmas Eve, at about four bells in the afternoon, one of a school we fell in with near the equator in the Pacific. Each of the boats were fast to whales, as they were all of moderate size, and none of them might be expected to take out more than one boat's line. A good stiff breeze was blowing when we struck, but the way that beast travelled with us behind him dead in the teeth of it was marvellous. On we rushed for at least three hours, leaping from crest to crest of the rising sea, which drenched us with heavy spray and kept us constantly baling. A heavy rain squall came down bringing with it more wind, but through the blinding, threshing downpour our giant steed remorselessly dragged us on. When at last he slowed down a bit the ship was out of sight, although we all believed that she was merely hidden by the immense squall through which we had passed. No thought of giving up our prize

occurred to us, but we took instant advantage of his slackening speed to haul up and get a lunge at him with the lance. Only one, and he was off again with renewed vigour, and although he certainly did not run so far this time, yet he covered a good mileage before he tired again. We wasted no time, but hauled up to him and succeeded in getting home some searching thrusts with the hand lance. He sounded and came up again almost at once, rushing for us open-mouthed. But we met him with a most unusual *coup*; the officer in charge darted the hand lance down his great throat, where it disappeared entirely. It must have pierced his heart, for almost immediately he went into his 'flurry,' and in less than ten minutes he was dead. Having made all snug and secured the fluke rope through his tail, we had leisure to think of our position. Night was falling, the ship was nowhere to be seen, and by the look of the weather we might reasonably expect a series of ugly squalls from all quarters, which would make it exceedingly difficult for her to work up to us supposing that she had our bearings and no whale alongside. Neither of these latter contingencies were probable, however, and we quietly made the best of things. We were fairly sheltered by the huge carcass of our dead prize, and we rode very easily in the smooth area of quiet sea formed by the exuding oil—the 'sleek' of whaling parlance. True we were drenched to the skin, but that allayed our thirst, and between the squalls the night was, of course, sultry enough. But it was a weary time. All round beneath us the incessant incursions of the immense tiger sharks, as they tore at the huge bulk of the whale, kept the sea ablaze with emerald light, which glared and faded alternately as the ravening monsters rushed to and fro, struggling and fighting for a place at the feast of fat so bountifully provided. Out of the darkness drifted towards us an innumerable company of sea birds, silent as disembodied spirits, but for an occasional melancholy wail. And every little while the floodgates of heaven opened, and the rain fell in solid masses of water, which beat the breath out of us, and necessitated steady baling that we might at least keep between salt water and fresh. At last the steaming gloomy day dawned, and presently out of the pall of clouds rushed the furious sun, as if about to scorch out the sodden fragments of life yet left to us. The assembled myriads of birds fell upon the carcass with so deafening a clamour that we were dazed by the horrible discord. They rushed and fought and writhed over us in the boat, utterly regardless of our presence, and we had much ado to avoid suffocation beneath the palpitating feathery masses. Only

by veering away to a good distance could we get even partially clear of our noisome visitors, foul-smelling, and unclean as harpies for all their snowy plumage. Meanwhile under that sweltering heat the body of the whale rose higher and higher, gradually increasing in bulk until by midnight it loomed up like a water-logged timber ship bottom upwards. With this exception all remained as before, and a hopeless, helpless outlook it was. But for the copious showers that fell we should most probably have been raving with thirst, but that unspeakable torture was mercifully spared us. Still no sign of the ship. Towards noon the body of the whale lay upon the sea surface like a vast bladder inflated to its utmost capacity. Suddenly, with a tremendous commotion, it burst asunder from head to tail, the pent-up gases within rending the body apart as if by a dynamite explosion. The indescribable effluvium completely asphyxiated us for the time, and had not a heavy squall burst upon us, I have no doubt some of us would have died. Not daring to loose from the carcass altogether, we kept as far away as we could by means of our long line, although, owing to the habit of these animals when dead to drift bodily to windward, we were unfortunately to leeward of the horrible *fœtor* all the time it existed. We had prepared for another weary night, fast relapsing into that lethargic condition when nothing matters. Very much to our amazement, and re-awakening our will to live, we were hailed, and a boat appeared. Had she arisen from the depths beneath we could not have wondered more at her approach, but she was speedily alongside, and we recognised our shipmates. The ship had come up in a heavy squall, which, even had we been keeping a bright look-out, would have effectually screened her from our view. The rest was peace. To salve our grievous disappointment at the loss of our whale—for the putrid blubber was worthless—we picked up an immense mass of ambergris, which in the eruption had been dislodged from its hiding place in the whale's bowels. The value of this precious drug is so great that it more than compensated us for the loss we had sustained, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that under ordinary circumstances we should have known nothing of it.

But it is more than time to pull up. Memories of fringing reefs, waving palms, foaming breakers, and fighting whales come thick and fast, but must be sternly suppressed with the hope of again recalling them upon some future occasion.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

28-2

## AFTER LATE SUPPER.

## A STUDY IN NIGHTMARES.

IN the middle of the night I woke to find close beside me the gleaming head and shoulders of my beautiful Hermes, as he shines in the photograph at present hanging on my wall. He was smiling at the baby on his arm, and I watched in sleepy delight the ruddy light of my fire dance on the rounded surface of that little white body. Suddenly the divine smile was turned on myself.

‘Hail, O maiden of the fair cheeks!’ said the god; ‘arise and follow me.’ His English did Olympus great credit, I thought; though it has since struck me as more plausible that he had acquired a conversational knowledge of modern languages from the visitors who throng a certain museum. In a moment I was inside a voluminous woollen wrap that lay ready to hand, and we were walking along the moonlit sands—my celestial guide presenting a very distinguished appearance in full evening dress.

He took no notice of me whatever, and seemed fully occupied in dandling the very small baby. I felt piqued.

‘How very wet the sea is to-night!’ I remarked by way of conversation.

‘Yet is thy brain even more watery, O maiden of the fair cheeks!’ was the reply; and I mused in perplexity upon a certain glowing account of the courtesy of the ancient Greeks, which had kindled my enthusiasm not many hours before.

My next effort to create a diversion took the form of falling headlong over a starfish of abnormal size, whose spokes rotated like the strange engines that guard the entrance to galleries and museums.

‘No change given here,’ said the gruff voice of a large lobster sitting up on end; and from some yards ahead came the extinguishable laughter of the god.

‘If you could amuse yourself by lending me a shilling,’ I said with much asperity, ‘you might get as much humour from the situation without looking so supremely idiotic’—for indeed the rotating starfish kept me hopping like a squirrel in a wheel, and my temper is at no time insipid.

Hermes smiled subtly at the infant and it chuckled.

'Jest look at 'er,' said a voice in my rear; 'git yer purse hout, miss, and *then* we sha'n't be long.'

And there was I, dressed (as for the first time I perceived) in my daily garb, without even the sense to feel for my money! I extracted from my pocket two button-hooks, some halfpence and a comb, and handed them all to the lobster.

'Damage, moral and superficial, to the machine, seventy pounds, six and a halfpenny,' bawled the gruff voice; 'stop her, will you?'

But the god had caught my hand and we flew through the air far beyond pursuit.

'Thou fliest ill, O maiden of the flaming cheeks!' said he, as we once more paced the smooth sands; 'strange it is if a goose cannot use its feathers.'

'Stranger still when he wears them on his boots,' I retorted, and the god laughed softly. Suddenly the baby stuck his podgy fist into my cheek. I was pleased and began to play with the jovial little soul. It struck me that his guardian might be glad to talk over educational matters.

'There is sand here and water,' I remarked; 'shall I give this sweet boy a little lesson in modelling?'

'Yea, O maiden!' said my courtly escort, 'for assuredly thou escapest thine own notice being the object.'

Had he not placed the soft bundle in my arms at that moment, I had certainly struck him. The little Dionysus cooed and jumped, nor for some moments could I look round to aim the fierce volley of my tongue.

Lo! Hermes had vanished and left me with the windfall. I stood still and gasped. The baby poked his fist into my gaping mouth and howled when I thoughtlessly bit him. A bright thought struck me. I would take him to be photographed for Mellin's food; it would be a pleasant change to the proprietors to advertise a child so under-sized. I felt very angry with Hermes. It was true that he had had to hold that baby for the best part of two thousand years, but it was preposterous to palm him off in this underhand way. There was sure to be a photographer on the beach, so I walked along and prattled to my pet. There was only one word he really seemed to understand, and that was 'drink'—it comes in the motto of a girls' school company, which I had quoted to him several times.

We suddenly turned a corner ; and there, in a delicious and sheltered cove, sat the fairy Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, with all the babies in her lap, solemnly sucking their thumbs.

Previous ideas vanished. Here was my chance. Besides, she was a kind good creature, and could be trusted not to see beyond her nose. Deftly I dropped the little Pagan among that christened flock, and slipping behind a jutting boulder had soon scrambled up the cliff.

The sense of relief was intoxicating. The sun was already rising, and his red rays shot across the cornfield. Glorious sight ! Joyous change from that nightmare of waves and monsters ! I gave one look over the cliff's edge to see how my little Dionysus was faring. He looked very happy, and was giving the other babies sea water to drink.

'Gin a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye,' caroled a manly baritone, and a slight erect figure came towards me with a soldier's bearing.

I was about to pass him, with eyes lowered in modesty. 'It is not very nice to cut your husband dead like that, Belinda,' said the voice reproachfully.

I jumped, for Belinda is not my name.

'Don't be afraid, dear,' he added kindly ; 'I am not angry, only *so* hurt.'

I looked at him, quite at a loss what to do or say ; for by the light of common day I am one of the spinsters of commerce ; and so flushed with delight was I at this unexpected change of affairs, that I would not for worlds have had him suspect any mistake. Why not be domestic at once ? I had read somewhere, not long ago, that only a degenerate is foiled by change of environment.

'Dearest,' I said with mingled sweetness and majesty, 'did you remember to order that rice ?'

'You never asked me to get rice, Belinda,' he replied, and his sword-like glance looked me through and through ; 'it was sago, and you know it.'

'Same thing,' I retorted, for I was getting unnerved. Hermes had been so rude to me, and here was my husband beginning to browbeat me. Why had I had no warning ? Why was I dragged about like this, without even time to glance in the mirror ? My hat might be all on one side ; my hair was most

likely untidy ; and as for my shoes, the laces were all astray. Tears came into my eyes ; it is so hard to be misunderstood, so painful to be consciously unattractive when you would wish to look your best.

‘ Belinda,’ said the voice at my side, ‘ you hurt yourself, not me, by being rude. And you must be strictly accurate. If there is one thing that might alienate my devotion, it would be the discovery that you were not entirely truthful.’

‘ I think, darling,’ I said pensively, ‘ that you must be a man of iron will and fervent principle, like Admiral Palmer.’

‘ I should esteem it a favour, Belinda, if instead of quoting to me the names of your male acquaintances, you would honour me by using my own,’ said my husband.

This was embarrassing. To state that his name was unknown to me might have jarred on our connubial bliss. What was I to do ? No name seemed sufficiently grand for this majestic spouse of mine. I pondered on Barbarossa, Wellesley, Frederick ; and was in desperation just going to address him as Alexander, when in icy tones he observed : ‘ To descend to “ Bill,” from the heights of “ Admiral Palmer ” is no doubt a severe trial, Mrs. Gudge, but you may have worse to face even than that.’

‘ Impossible,’ I said hastily—and realised my error too late. But the thought that I was Belinda Gudge had paralysed me. There was a long silence. When I at last dared to look furtively up, I beheld Mr. William Gudge marching solemnly by my side, his square jaw and close lips tightly set. He looked straight in front of him, and we walked on and on. I longed to speak, but words would not come. I began to hum, ‘ Drink to me only,’ but he made no sign. I tried falling into the ditch, but was left to extract myself. Suddenly there rose up a cottage beside us, with ‘ Tripe and Onions spoken here,’ on the window. I darted in. ‘ Give me some tripe,’ I gasped, hunting in my pocket for money. ‘ Twopence coloured,’ said the man laconically ; and they handed me a very yellow fritter. I flew after my husband. Food, people told me, had prevented the break-up of many a happy home.

‘ Bill,’ I panted, ‘ Bill, I have brought you something to eat.’

He turned and folded me in his arms, nor shall I ever forget the sweetness of that embrace. None, as a friend of mine once most truly observed, can so fully appreciate a man’s support as those who have battled through life without it. And to think

that this support could be insured by spending twopence a day was almost too good to be true. My heart was very full. Mr. Gudge turned to me with a soft light in his eyes.

'Lindy,' he said, 'how well that hat becomes you ! I could not bear to see you in any other. I am sure I should not admire you in a new one so much. Shall we not give the money instead to the pew rent ?'

He had placed his arm affectionately round me, and now paused for a reply. Suddenly it began to pour. My husband darted into a baker's shop.

'Run home, darling,' he called out, 'and fetch my umbrella.' I plunged into the rain and ran blindly on.

The School Inspector came in furious haste out of a cottage. He was fair and flabby—a big man, with an unctuous smile.

'Miss Blinders,' he said with an apologetic wave of the hands, 'I am exceedingly sorry that you should already have forfeited three and a half per cent. of your honorarium for this unpunctuality. The class have waited forty minutes already.'

I looked at him blankly.

'Will you have the goodness,' he continued (and a very metallic ring came from behind the smile), 'to state at once your reasons for this delay ?'

But I was busy calculating what would be left when three and a half per cent. should have been deducted from an honorarium of ten and seven-eighths per cent. Do the sum as I would, I could make the remainder come to nothing but seven and sixpence.

'It will be only seven and sixpence,' I said doubtfully.

'Yes,' he rejoined in slow and icy tones, 'only seven and sixpence for each five minutes you keep the class waiting.'

I rushed wildly into the schoolroom. There they waited, sitting in concentric rings, eyes glassy with suppressed intelligence, and fixed on me. I remembered once settling that you lost nothing, and appreciably gained, by owning up when you found yourself in the wrong. I began my explanation, with fingers tightly clenched, and every nerve strung up to the effort required. 'I had meant to excuse this delay,' I began, 'by stating that the dentist had kept me late ; but my conscience forbids.' Why were they all looking at one another ? Surely I could make it perfectly plain soon. 'I do not want you to think that I often tell untruths, but perhaps it makes me unusually scrupulous to find that the

slightest inaccuracy would tend to alienate the devotion of my husband.'

Some of them literally gaped with mouth and eyes, just in front of me. Others turned and giggled to their friends behind. There was a soft whistle from a girl at one side. I grew desperate. Discipline must at all costs be maintained.

'If anyone thinks me mad,' I cried, 'she may stand up and accompany me to the Inspector.'

The room rose like one man. There they all stood, looking at me with eyes of eager and delighted expectancy. I could have screamed, but terror made me quite rigid. 'Follow me in single file,' I said sternly, and led the way through the door. It opened into a passage which was strange to me. It was narrow and dark. We went straight down it, on and on, while I racked my brains in agony for the next move. It had suddenly come to me that they did not know I was married. What *had* I been saying? When they told the Inspector why they thought me mad, what should I do? And how could I prevent his asking them the question? And if we said nothing to him at all, how could I account for taking the class round like this? Only one thing came to me again and again: I must dodge the Inspector. . . .

When would this passage come to an end? The girls were quite silent; there was not a sound but the tramp of their feet on and on through the darkness of the corridor. I saw a wicket gate at the end, and the light shining through it. 'Halt!' I cried, 'let me unlock the gate.'

The tramp of feet went on; even those at a standstill just next to me never stopped marking time. I tried frantically to unlock the gate. It was padlocked and barred. 'Halt!' I shrieked, 'halt! we shall be crushed if you don't!' They took no notice. Without a word they tramped on, and I was squeezed closer and closer against the gate. I struggled and gasped, then lost consciousness.

'It is always disagreeable to go through this tunnel,' said a thick, husky voice; 'it isn't properly ventilated and the gases are poisonous.'

I tried to conquer the choking sensation in my throat, with a hope that my heart-beats sounded less loud to anyone else. The railway carriage was dimly lighted with oil, and empty but for one other occupant.

He was at the corner furthest from me, looking strangely like the picture of Mammon.

'Feeling queer?' he asked, when I made no remark; 'doesn't do to let yourself feel queer; *I* never do.'

He stirred his big frame with delight, and a scream came from under the seat. I started to my feet, and clutched my umbrella. A thick oily chuckle came from his lips.

'It's only the right-hand figure,' he said; 'he's safe enough under my big toe. Sit down, my dear, and talk to me like a little lady.'

I dared not be silent. Nothing to say came into my mind.

'I have been giving a lesson,' at last I remarked.

'Teacher, eh?' he chuckled again. 'What do you teach 'em?'

What *did* I teach them? I could not remember.

'Do you mostly teach by sitting like a log?' he said fiercely, and a whine came from nearer at hand. I crept nervously into my corner, for there seemed to be something like a woman between me and him. He put his great head forward like a bull and glared straight at me.

'What do you teach 'em?' he bellowed.

'Sums,' I stammered; 'discount and stocks.'

He was at once in good humour.

'Sums, eh?' he chuckled; 'see if you can count this correctly.'

He unloosed the string of one of the huge money-bags, and poured the contents into my lap.

'Now, my dear,' he said benignly, 'let's see you tot it all up.'

I began to count. The pieces were slippery. As fast as I told them off into one hand, they slipped back into the pile. I heard the monster grinding his teeth, and once the man beneath the seat groaned. I counted and counted; they slipped every time. Then I thought of a plan. I piled them up in tens on the window-ledge. What a relief! I had counted 300. Suddenly the train gave a lurch, and the money rolled all over the carriage. It became a pandemonium of screams, swearing, and struggles. I felt Mammon was coming at me, and shot open my umbrella as a screen. At that moment the door opened, and the ticket-collector stood on the step.

'She has robbed me,' yelled the brute in a fury; 'she has

been taking a whole bag of money.' He pointed at me, foaming with rage.

'All right, sir,' said the man, 'very good, sir; I shall take the young person in charge.'

'I am not a young person,' I said with composure—for we were in daylight now, and here stood an official—'I am a married lady.'

'Belinda,' said the man sternly—and behold! it was Mr. Gudge.

'Belinda, you are married no longer. I disown you.'

'Stand him a drink,' whispered a voice in my ear. It was my dear baby, and I embraced him with fervour.

'By the gods! O maiden of the cheek,' said a well-known voice, 'thou art taken in the act of stealing other things, and in especial my baby!'

I looked up; over Mr. Gudge's head rose my broad-shouldered Hermes, with the same subtle smile.

I hugged Dionysus more closely.

'What is all this?' said the Inspector, hurrying up. 'You again, Miss Blinders? You are fined a further percentage of your honorarium.'

Mammon put back his head and roared with laughter. Mr. Gudge turned on the Inspector with fierceness.

'I will not have my precious wifie defrauded,' he cried, 'you will pay her full salary down, here into my hand.'

The voices rose as they quarrelled; and the monster watched them, applauding with his feet, to an accompaniment of groans from the figures. I was too agonised to listen; for Hermes was quietly picking up the scattered gold pieces, and I dreaded the moment when the Brute should look round. Of a sudden he spied him. He flung himself at the god with a yell. I heard the light laugh of Hermes as he ran off, Mammon close in pursuit. Louder and louder came the tramp of the school-girls, forming themselves in circles round Mr. Gudge, while the Inspector waved them up with his umbrella. I clutched the baby and tried to slink off. The clang of a loud bell broke on my ears. Mr. Gudge was being marched off, and a mocking laugh sounded close to me. The baby stretched out his arms; the bell clanged louder and louder; I woke to find it ringing for school.

H. MEYER HENNE.

## A COLONEL OF THE GRAND ARMY.

IT is perhaps as well that no Frenchman lived before Agamemnon, nor, indeed, till some time later. Had it been otherwise, not only would literature have been deprived of a famous phrase—since no Frenchman would ever allow the darkness of ages to rest upon himself and his achievements for want of a *vates sacer*, so long as he himself could hold a pen—but it would probably by this time have consisted of little else than French memoirs, and the controversies arising out of them. Agamemnon himself would have left something, so would Clytaemnestra and Egisthus; possibly also the Watchman (reticent and diplomatic), and one or more of the Argive elders (garrulous and scandalous). Conceive Helen, after her return to domestic life, occupying her leisure with an *Elle et Lui*, and Deiphobus, say, retorting with a *Lui et Elle*. Elsewhere Achates would be getting together his materials for the authorised and official account of the incidents connected with the expedition to Latium, while Gyas and Cloanthus—the former perhaps with a little asperity in his tone—would be noting down reminiscences not to see the light till a generation after the writer's decease.

This is in truth hardly a caricature of what seems to have been going on from early times in France. Take such a period as that which saw the Wars of Religion. Petitot's collection, published in 1819–1829, contains threescore or more volumes relating to that age, and by no means exhausts the list of the materials now at the disposal of the historian. Why the inclination—one might almost say the capacity—for this kind of writing should have been given so much more largely to the French than to any other nation it would be hard to say. We in England have, at least till the latter half of the present century, little enough of the kind to show. Now, indeed, the fashion of autobiographies and reminiscences seems fairly established among us; though, in our British way, we do not as a rule delay the publication till it can no longer be to our pecuniary profit. The typical Frenchman, however, at any rate till recent times, so far resembled the ancient Greek that he was *prater laudem nullius avarus*; and gladly forwent an immediate return in

royalties for the chance of a little posthumous celebrity. This method of course is all to the reader's advantage, for it leaves the writer free to give his narrative in full, unchecked by the fear of 'scandalising magnates' or of giving pain—sometimes resented by legal proceedings—to meaner people.

Thus, taking together the French habit of writing *mémoires*, and the no less French habit of directing the postponement of their publication until but little danger<sup>1</sup> remains of personal feelings being outraged by them, we need not be surprised if the last decade, terminating, as it does, the period of a generation since the final survivors of those who bore a part in the great Napoleonic days quitted this earth, should have produced a crop of memoirs equalling in interest, and probably surpassing in bulk, the output of the years on either side of 1600.

Some notion of the number and variety of these may be gathered by merely inspecting the last page of the cover of any one of the volumes recently published by the firm of Plon alone. We take the first that comes to hand, and find among the books there announced no less than eight comprising the *mémoires* or *souvenirs* of men who helped in their various degrees to make the turbulent history of Europe when this century was young; men conspicuous then, and since then remembered by the world, like Marshals Macdonald and Oudinot; men of note in their own day, but since forgotten, like General Thiébault; men, again, whose names were in their lifetime little known beyond a circle of personal friends or colleagues, but have, thanks to the very publication of their memoirs, become household words, of whom General Marbot is a conspicuous example; and, lastly, the modest and obscure officers, whose reminiscences, jotted down for the information or entertainment of a family group, with no view to publication, have been drawn into the current and take their chance with the more conspicuous volumes compiled by luckier, if not always more capable, men.

A typical specimen of this last class is General Baron Pouget, whose reminiscences, in one volume<sup>2</sup> of the smaller French *format*, without portrait, without index, look humble enough

<sup>1</sup> One cannot say that any lapse of time will extinguish *all* danger. The present writer has met with cases in which passages of memoirs dealing with Napoleon's later campaigns have had to be suppressed or modified at the request of members of the families of persons whose conduct appeared in an unfavourable light; and that within the last five years.

<sup>2</sup> Paris, Plon et Cie, 1896.

beside even Macdonald's or Rochechouart's more stately single tomes, to say nothing of the series of volumes in which Marbot and Thiébault have recorded their respective careers. The title of 'baron' need not lead us to expect much. In our own army and navy no doubt a title of nobility has always implied services of at least contemporary distinction, rendered in chief command. Under the Napoleonic *régime* it was a different matter; mushroom titles were required to support a mushroom sovereignty, and an officer who had seen any service in command of a brigade would have thought himself decidedly snubbed if any long time passed without his being permitted to prefix at least the title of baron to his name. It was at most the 'K.C.B.' of the French army.

'General Baron Pouget,' then, may be regarded as a fair average specimen of the men who did the journey-work in the building up of the colossal, if ephemeral, edifice known as the first French Empire, and the incidents of his career could probably be paralleled from the lives of some hundreds of others, not all of whose names are even preserved on the Arc de Triomphe.

Pouget was born in 1767, the son of a country doctor who had migrated from Pouzet in Périgord to Craon in the neighbourhood of Nancy, where he attained the distinction of being appointed honorary surgeon to that amiable last Duke of Lorraine, whom we know as King Stanislas Leczinski. The father died when the future general was but nine years old; his widow soon married a local lawyer, and young Pouget, who was then in Alsace, having been, according to an odd custom of the time, exchanged for the son of an officer in the Royal-Allemand regiment, with a view to the respective instruction of each lad in the mother-tongue of the other, was summoned home, where his stepfather undertook his education. The experiment does not seem to have been fortunate. The stepfather was clever and severe; the boy, though willing, was not a quick learner; and it was soon found advisable to send him, at the age of fifteen, to study law at Nancy. His career, however, was not to be at the bar. The following passage shows how to him, as to so many other young men of that time, his destiny presented itself. Incidentally, too, it shows the spirit in which many nobles of the old nobility, the *noblesse d'épée*, were prepared to welcome constitutional reforms:

'I had been at my studies for several years, when at length the dawn of a great revolution arose. The national guard was summoned to aid the representatives of the nation; I was appointed sergeant in that of Craon. . . . My young

fellow-citizens were as keen as I was; no one missed a drill. We were soon fit to appear under arms and to march respectfully.

'The Chevalier de Beauvau, Prince of Craon, was then residing at the château; he was appointed honorary colonel of the national guard. This brother of Marshal the Prince of Beauvau, like his elder, was quite ready to accept the Revolution. On the recommendation of our honorary colonel, the battalion obtained fifty muskets and ammunition from the military governor of Toul; and the marshal presented us with a splendid flag of the three colours.'

In 1789 the national guard was reorganised, and Pouget became lieutenant, and in the following year he saw, as he says, 'the image of war for the first time.' The regiments composing the garrison of Nancy—no reader of Carlyle will have forgotten the story—were in mutiny for arrears of pay.

'We were summoned to join the garrison and the national guard of Metz, commanded by the Count of Bouillé, who were going to bring those regiments to reason. The two hundred men from Craon were posted next door to the government offices, at the palace of the Dukes of Lorraine. Here I must record a curious adventure that befell myself. One morning, as I was coming off guard, I met the King's Regiment, marching in column of sections, with drums beating, on its way to Lunéville, to support the Mestre-de-Camp regiment of cavalry in hindering the two Carabinier regiments commanded by General de Malseigne from being brought against the Nancy mutineers. Suddenly I saw a sergeant-major, who was marching at the head of the regiment, fall out and come to me, begging me in the name of them all to accept the command of the corps, and lead it to Lunéville, whither honour called it. "I assure you, sir, that the regiment is unanimous in this. All our officers have left us; I will march beside you, and if my advice can be of any use to you, I will not leave you."

'I was a good deal taken aback at this proposal, but unhesitatingly declined the honour; excusing myself on the ground that being myself attached to a force on guard, I could not desert it. The sergeant saw this; and assuring me of the regrets of the regiment, and his own in particular, he saluted and returned to his place. My excuse was only on the surface; my real motive for refusing being distrust of myself. But this meeting made me reflect a good deal. Who could say what fortune had in store for me? I returned to my national guards, and told them of my adventure. It astonished them a good deal, and they all blamed me for not accepting. Next day the authorities of Nancy dismissed us, on the pretext that there would be no collision. There was one, though, at Lunéville, between the King's and the Mestre-de-Camp on one side, and the Carabiniers under M. de Malseigne on the other. So I might have received my baptism of fire, of which I should have been very proud. That day for the first time I saw the image of war; troopers came back to Nancy, some with heads covered only with a blood-stained handkerchief, others with arms laid open by sabre-cuts. They marched dolefully enough, but still sat their horses.

'On the day when we left Nancy, M. de Bouillé and his troops appeared before the town. The Châteauvieux Regiment, one of those in mutiny, came out of the gate to bar the entrance, supported by the artillery. M. de Bouillé attacked, and swept the streets with his force; but we were no longer there, which I much regretted.'

In reading this narrative one is struck by the very small amount of principle needed to range the average man on one side or the

other of a given cause. Pouget, as will have been seen, equally regrets the opportunity lost by his refusal to join the mutineers and his absence at the moment when the force to which he belonged was engaged in suppressing the mutiny. Had things fallen out otherwise he might have lain beside that 'blue National Captain, riddled with balls, one hardly knows on which side fighting.'

In July 1791, Pouget and many of his young comrades were at Nancy again, being enrolled as soldiers in the regular army. The election of officers was left to the men themselves, and he was chosen captain by acclamation. The King's Commissioner—for we still levy troops in the King's name—embraced him; his stepfather sent him twenty-four francs; and he got to work, organising and drilling his company so efficiently that it was presently 'a model no less in the precision of its manual exercise and marching than in its immobility'—we may presume, on parade. In six weeks his battalion, now called the 4th Battalion of the Meurthe, was ordered to the front.

All the winter of 1791–92 they lay in cantonments, not far from the north-west frontier. In the spring they moved forward, and went into camp about ten miles from Luxembourg; and the 'improvised soldiers' noted with satisfaction that the linesmen were no less clumsy than themselves in pitching and striking tents. Bad weather soon broke up the camp, and the 4th Battalion was for a short time at Metz. Thence it joined La Fayette's army in Flanders, and saw a little fighting. Presently this force was withdrawn. Pouget says that La Fayette meant to march with it upon Paris. However that may have been, the general actually went to Paris alone, returned, and in a few weeks had left France for many a long year. Pouget's battalion went into garrison at Thionville. It is curious to read how that town 'was shortly surrounded by a Prussian army' (but was it not Austrian?), its military governor being a General Wimpfen. However, the Prussians of 1792 were less persevering, or the General Wimpfens more fortunate, than those of 1870. Thionville held out till Valmy was fought, and the siege was raised.

Next summer they were at Limbach, a small town in the Palatinate, facing the Prussians who were at Homburg, a few miles away. A pastime grew up of badgering the enemy. Some mounted captains would ride up close to his outposts, who would fire a shot and withdraw. Presently a strong detachment would turn out to repel the supposed cavalry raid, whereupon the

visitors, after allowing them to come up almost within musket shot, would take to their heels.

The Prussian officers soon found out that this was only the diversion of a few young madcaps. One day we saw a Prussian officer coming toward us; we waited for him, and when he was within hail, he began conversing in French, and joking about the way in which we kept their hussars always on the alert. He said he was glad to find that he had to do with good and cheery fellows, whose acquaintance he and his comrades would be happy to make; and accordingly we were invited to drink next day a bowl of punch, which he promised to have brewed at a farm on what was considered neutral ground, between Limbach and Homburg. An equal number should come from either side, and he gave his word of honour that there was no trap intended. It was mutually agreed that nothing should be said to our superior officers; and next day we all went to the appointed spot with no other guarantee than the good faith of soldiers. On separating we exchanged our names and those of our regiments, swearing that if by the fortune of war any of us should fall into the hands of the others we would reciprocally befriend and protect; and returned the invitation for the same hour on the morrow. The second meeting was even more jovial than the first, and we parted like old friends.'

However, their commander-in-chief soon heard of these little amenities. They were sharply reprimanded, and bidden to notice the danger to which they had exposed themselves. Representatives from the Convention, soon to be a terror to generals, had begun to accompany the armies, and heads were already falling for less than this. Pouget and his convivial friends might have shared the fate of the seventeen young ladies of Verdun, guillotined a few months later for having danced with Prussians at a ball.

Pouget was on intimate terms with Molitor, the marshal of later days, now an *adjudant-général*, by whose influence he presently obtained a staff appointment, serving as *adjoint* to his friend on the staff of General Championnet, the future commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. Lefebvre, another 'coming man,' just promoted to the rank of divisional general, tried to obtain his services, but Pouget declined to leave Molitor. His sacrifice to friendship cost him dear; for, as he says, all Lefebvre's aides-de-camp of this date were generals of division in less than eight years, while Molitor remained comparatively obscure, and only obtained his *bâton* under the restored monarchy. Indeed, almost immediately Pouget was himself promoted to *adjudant-général* with the rank of major, and became chief of staff in General Taponnier's division. In this capacity he took part in the operations that led to the capture of Coblenz in October 1794—which the narrator oddly confuses with the campaign of two years later in which Marceau lost his life.

A whimsical little incident occurred in the battle before Kaiserslautern. They were skirmishing with the enemy, when 'one of my officers, pointing out the enemy's skirmishers to me with his finger, was struck by a bullet, which hit him on the middle joint of the finger, and cut it off. I never saw a man so astonished: he remained five or six seconds without changing his attitude, provoking in me a longing to laugh which I could not but allow to have vent.' Such are the humours of battle.

So far promotion had come quickly to Pouget. An *adjudant-général* at twenty-seven, he could hope for anything; but his career was interrupted in the summer of 1795. The measure for reducing the officers of the army, which has given a reputation, if only for stupidity, to the otherwise obscure Citizen Aubry, put him on the half-pay list, with a good many others, including a young artillery officer named Napoleon Buonaparte. He took the opportunity to get married. The Consulate recalled him to arms. His friend General Lefebvre was in command of the 17th Division, whose headquarters were at Paris, and to him Pouget applied. The general, one of the best natured, if least refined, of men, after good-humouredly pointing out how much he had lost by not accepting his former offer, got him a place on the general staff, involving mainly secretary's and inspector's work. Among other things he was sent to report on the state of the coast defences between Caen and Honfleur. On his return to Paris in June 1799, he and some colleagues on the staff gave a dinner to the heads of departments in the War Office. It was as well, he says, to keep on friendly terms with these gentlemen, who at that time had a good deal more power than the minister himself. A fortunate remark of Pouget's won him the favour of the official at the head of the infantry branch. However, he again made an unlucky choice. He had asked for and obtained employment in the 4th Division, whose headquarters were at Nancy, when General Mortier offered him a post in the camp then forming at Dijon. Both he and his young wife had made all their arrangements for a return to their own district, and Pouget declined. The camp of Dijon was practically the place of assembly for the army which fought the next year at Marengo. It was the more annoying that he had in the first instance applied for a post at Dijon, and been told that there was none vacant.

While others were winning laurels abroad, Pouget was at

Nancy, occupying, as he says, 'a regular canon's berth, with nothing to do either on foot or on horseback.' Not till August 1803 did a chance of more vigorous service present itself. Then the 4th 'half-brigade' (as at that time regiments were called) was ordered off to Boulogne 'to form the nucleus of a camp which became famous.' Before long, however, Pouget was transferred to another sphere of work. Napoleon was trying the experiment of instituting a rank between major (*commandant, chef de bataillon*), and colonel. The *majors*, as they were called—lieutenant-colonel was objected to, as tending to lower the prestige of the colonel, who, Napoleon rightly thought, ought to be in the men's eyes the personification of the regiment—were to attend to disciplinary, educational, and financial matters. Pouget received two nominations to this rank, finally accepting that in the 62nd of the line, then at Turin. He was not very fortunate. There was of course no service to see, and the Colonel, a former fencing-master, was an ignorant and ill-mannered boor, whose orders his officers had to take in the contrary to their apparent sense. However, a nomination to the Legion of Honour was a consolation. From Turin they moved into Tuscany, whence Pouget returned as far as Piacenza to attend Napoleon's coronation as King of Italy, which it seems was to have taken place in that city. As all the world knows, it did not take place till the next year, when Milan was actually the scene of it, and Pouget returned disappointed to Leghorn. An outbreak of yellow fever, imported by a vessel laden with hides from Havanna, gave him plenty to do. At one time it was estimated that two hundred persons a day were dying in this town of 70,000 souls. General Verdier, commanding the division, prudently moved his headquarters and the regiment to Pisa. Before the end of the summer, however, though the pestilence was not quite extinct, they returned. One evening in February 1805, Pouget, in a somewhat depressed mood—his wife was at Leghorn, and he was anxious about her—had taken a stroll along the road leading to Pisa. It was dull weather, and his spirits were low as he returned to his quarters.

'I found my wife sitting by the fire, in company with a major of my regiment, M. Duhem. At sight of me he said: "Come in, colonel, you have been a long time." "What is the joke?" I said; "and why call me colonel?" Then my wife, with a more beaming face than I had seen for a long while, embraced me, saying, "It is as true as possible; you are a colonel. The general has just sent an aide-de-camp to congratulate you on your appointment as colonel of the 26th Light Infantry in succession to Prince Baciocchi,"'

The regiment was at Boulogne, and thither Pouget and his wife went, both glad to escape from the plague-stricken town, and he to be free of his uncongenial commanding officer. At Turin he called on his predecessor, but that 'newly hatched prince' stood on his dignity as brother-in-law to an (equally newly hatched) Emperor, and showed him no civility. He found the regiment in sad need of smartening. Baciocchi's predecessor, who had commanded it throughout the Italian campaigns, had never shown himself under fire, while the 'prince' had been too great a man even 'to dissemble his uselessness as a soldier,' and had practically left the command to his wife, Elisa Buonaparte, who, said the officers, was infinitely more capable than he was. The next in command was an illiterate person who was quite content, when noting the number of men in hospital, to write *Dom o opito*; and the better officers had been reduced to wishing that the infernal regions would spare a devil to take the command. The accounts were left in the hands of the sergeants, to such an extent that when at an inspection the General asked to see some of the men's books, and remarked that the entries were not what they ought to be, 'the captain to whose company they belonged replied that his quartermaster-sergeant did not understand that they were to be kept in the way we required.' 'And how do you understand that they ought to be kept, Captain?' said the new Colonel. The inspector, amused, repeated the question to the confused officer, who, one is hardly surprised to hear, retained a feeling of animosity towards the Colonel for thus making him look a fool. 'It was disastrous to him,' says the imperturbable Pouget. This kind of thing soon put the regiment in order, and after the first inspection by the Emperor, in spite of an awkward little incident of a soldier who had a pair of boots too few in his kit, the colonel was highly complimented. 'It was high time that the regiment had a chief who could look after it,' said Napoleon, who, with all his faults, had not that of seeing none in his own family.

One evening the whole army received orders to embark next morning at daybreak. Colonels alone were to take horses.

'On arriving at the port, we found some naval officers, who took us to the pinnaces prepared for us. I went on board one with thirty men. The frail vessel was armed with one 16-pounder. I observed to the officer that so fragile a craft could not stand the discharge of a piece of that calibre without splitting and consequently foundering. He replied that this or capsizing would be the inevitable result. I then said that it was useless to bring gunners and ammunition, since I should not allow the gun to be fired, and that we should land on English soil before making use of it.'

The last was a safe remark enough, for, as Pouget admits, he did not in the least believe that this elaborate show of embarkation was anything but a little bit of mystification on Bonaparte's part; and, indeed, they were back in their huts by eight o'clock. The real business lay in a very different direction, and Pouget, who had seen little or no fighting in the last ten years, was to see plenty in the ten that followed.

On September 1, 1805, the camp of Boulogne broke up. It had been a pleasant picnic while it lasted. The lines were embellished with gardens and aviaries; good stone houses had been erected for the superior officers; and the view was magnificent, one of the most imposing features in it, apparently, being the English vessels 'which were always coasting about to cannonade the flotilla.' This is the land officer's way of looking at it.

It is with the setting out of the 'Grand Army' in the autumn of 1805 that the 'Napoleonic' period of the great war may be said to begin. Up to that time Bonaparte had fought, at least ostensibly, as the soldier of the Republic, and in defence of the right of France to choose her own form of government unmolested by other Powers. Henceforth he is not, and hardly pretends to be, more than a filibuster on a grand scale, nor has he any more respectable motive than personal gain—gain of renown, gain of power, and, above all, gain of money. Nothing strikes the reader of the memoirs of those times so much as the frank and undisguised delight in hard cash which characterised the Napoleonic heroes. A general enters a small Italian town, and promptly calls upon the inhabitants to 'shell out' to the tune of some 30,000 francs, not for the military chest or for the national treasury, but for his own pocket. It is recorded as an instance of unwonted liberality that he hands 5,000 to his chief of staff. Another more thrifty soul sends his 'takings' home to his wife, to be judiciously laid out in houses and lands. Honours are hardly valued unless a *dotation* accompanies them.

Our excellent Pouget, fortunately perhaps for his own credit (though, to do him justice, he seems to have thought more of his profession itself than of its pecuniary advantages), never had the command of anything larger than a brigade, and consequently was never in a position to levy contributions. But in due course he was nominated a 'baron of the Empire,' with a modest *dotation* of 100*l.* net per annum derived from rentcharges in *Westphalia*. Another in Hanover was afterwards added. Strange to say, they

were still being paid thirty-one years later, and had risen considerably in value. What, one wonders, did the dispossessed proprietors or their representatives think of it? 'It was thus,' Pouget remarks, 'that the kings of the first dynasties recompensed those who had served them.' It was also, we believe, *mutatis mutandis*, the way in which Zulu sovereigns, in the not very remote days when the Zulus were a flourishing nation, did the same thing. Napoleon could doubtless appeal to precedent.

But to return to the narrative. Pouget's regiment, the 26th, formed part of Merle's brigade in Legrand's division, the 3rd of the 4th army corps, under Marshal Soult, and followed the fortunes of that corps. He records one curious and somewhat ghastly incident which befell at Hollabrunn. A stubborn fight had taken place there, and at night the French army bivouacked on the ground.

'It was a fine but very cold night—ten or twelve degrees of frost. The carabiniers of the 1st battalion arranged a bivouac on the bodies of some dead Russians, placing them close together, face downwards, and spreading hay over them. On this strange couch I slept.'

At Austerlitz, Legrand's division had to act mainly on the defensive, their chief business being to prevent the Russians from turning the right of the French line, the 26th holding the extreme position, the village of Telnitz. As a matter of fact, they were driven out of the village, after very hard fighting; but of this Pouget says nothing, and, indeed, his reminiscences of the great battle are disappointingly meagre. He was bothered with a restive horse, and just at the moment when he was about to mount a quieter animal, offered by one of his majors, a shell burst near him, covering him with frozen earth and pebbles, and nearly blinding him. The regiment, however, had done its duty—of holding the Russians, or, rather, of drawing them into an unfavourable position; and when it was reviewed on December 24 with the rest of the division, General Legrand recommended its colonel for a step in the Legion of Honour. Napoleon merely looked at him, remarked, 'Ah! *Vous n'êtes que légionnaire*,' and passed on, leaving Pouget somewhat abashed at what he took for a snub. However, in a few days came not only his nomination as officer, but another raising him to commander, with a complimentary letter from Soult.

The French armies passed the summer of 1806 in Germany, talking every day about an early return to France and the

triumphal reception which, said the Emperor, awaited them. He was laughing all the while, thinks Pouget, both at their credulity and at the successful deception he was practising on his enemies.

In August our colonel was injured by the upsetting of his carriage, and asked leave to return to France to get well. Soult, who had just received the order to get his troops ready for fresh triumphs, wrote not in the best of tempers to General Legrand : 'Pouget has chosen a good moment. Tell him on the contrary to stay with his regiment and bring his battalions up to 1,200 men apiece.' 'I understood,' says Pouget himself, 'that we were going to call on the King of Prussia.' He marched as soon as his recruits had come, drilling them by the way ; but he was just too late for Jena, only coming up with the corps in the evening as the last shots were being fired. Legrand's division subsequently blockaded Magdeburg and took part in the capture of Lubeck.

The 26th was in the thick of it at Eylau and in the preliminary affair of Hoff. In the first of these fights it captured four guns from the Russian division under Count Tolstoy, to whom its colonel had the satisfaction of being presented during the festivities which followed the peace of Tilsit. While the fight was at its hottest Pouget was watching the progress of his skirmishers. Absorbed in this occupation, he allowed a Russian trooper to approach him. The sabre was descending on the back of his head when General Legrand rode up just in time to parry the blow, and his aide-de-camp shot the Russian. So busily occupied were all parties that Pouget knew nothing of this incident till the General told him of it later in the day. 'Every man of the 26th,' says their colonel, 'fought desperately.'

'The Emperor saw the fight, in which the tale of dead and wounded on either side was mounting up in terrible fashion. Murat, who was looking on from another point, sent word to the Emperor that if he did not support the regiment it would be annihilated. "Let it alone," was the answer, "it will pull through."

And it did, but with a loss of some 45 officers and 730 non-commissioned officers and men killed or wounded. Pouget himself had been untouched, but next morning, when one of his officers asked him if he had looked at his hat, he found six or seven bullet-holes in it. On the following days he again had some narrow shaves. As the 26th, in the dusk of a February evening, were fighting their way into Eylau, their colonel was accosted by an officer belonging to an Italian regiment which had got dispersed. As they were talking the new-comer placed himself for a

moment in front of Pouget. No sooner had he done so than he dropped, 'struck by a bullet which a second sooner would have caught me in the face.' The same evening he himself had a somewhat comical disaster. One of his men discharged a musket so close to the colonel's ear as to render him for the moment stone-deaf. When Napoleon went the rounds in the early morning of the 8th and asked for the colonel of the 26th he had to be told that that officer was temporarily disabled. Fortunately, however, he was able to lead his regiment into action.

In the tremendous conflict of Eylau, Soult's army corps did not suffer like that of Augereau, which lost four-fifths of its entire strength; but the 26th, already, as we have seen, terribly reduced by the fighting of the last two days, could only show 900 men with the colours out of a complement of over 2,000 when the Emperor visited the positions on the following morning. It is somewhat significant that one of Napoleon's first questions was whether among those who were missing there were not a good many who had left the field on the pretext of looking after wounded comrades. Some 10,000 or 12,000 men are said to have fallen out under this plea at Eylau.

Pouget had again been lucky. 'Just when the action was becoming general, and the snow was falling thickly,' he says,

'I was talking to a group of officers, among whom was General Amey. He whispered to me, "Would you like a drop of something?" "Willingly," I said. "Let us go a little way off, for I have not enough to offer some to all those gentlemen." We had hardly gone three steps when a cannon-ball fell among the group, taking both legs off a captain of Grenadiers and one off another officer.'

In the following June he had a still narrower escape. In that series of sanguinary engagements, the action at Heilsberg is usually dignified by the name of a combat only, though it cost the French 8,000 or 10,000 killed and wounded. At one moment Murat, Soult, and three other generals were compelled by a sudden charge of Prussian cavalry to take refuge within the square of the 26th. Just before this the colonel had had a horse killed under him by a grapeshot, which grazed the inside of his own thigh. With reference to this action he makes a remark the like of which must often have occurred even to non-military students of warfare:

'I have never been able to understand how a general officer or a regimental commander could give any account of what was going on to right or left of him, let alone along the whole line, having, as he would, so much to attend to in the action in which he was playing a part, and quite enough to keep both his eyes employed.'

Soult's corps was not at Friedland, having been despatched to take possession of Königsberg. Peace followed, and Pouget was able to take his ease in that city while his wound, not a very severe one, was healing. He was quartered on a family named Simpson, 'of English extraction,' and, like most French officers in those days, was soon on the best of terms with this family. In these circumstances the pleasantest side of the French character seems to come out; and in the memoirs of the time we find repeated evidence that both in North and in South Germany, when actual hostilities were not going on, the most friendly relations existed between the invaders and their involuntary hosts. That a good deal of the merit of those relations may be ascribed to Teutonic mansuetude will hardly be doubted by anyone who in later years, when the positions were reversed, saw German soldiers hewing wood, drawing water, minding the baby, and making themselves generally useful in French households.

Rapidly as promotion had come to Pouget at the beginning of his career, he was still only colonel in March 1808, when he received his nomination as 'Baron of the Empire'; and as colonel he took part in the campaign of 1809. The 26th now formed part of the corps under Masséna, and Pouget relates with approval how at their first meeting the marshal, after informing him that a nephew of his was about to join the regiment, added that he did not intend to make any interest on his young relative's behalf, leaving him to make his own way. Soult, on the other hand, seems to have been too much influenced by the feeling which in Crimean days inspired the famous message, 'Take care of Dowb.'

The principal feat performed by the 26th during the march upon Vienna was the storm of the fortress of Ebelsberg, commanding a bridge over the Traun. Masséna's action in throwing one of his divisions at this strong position has been criticised, and undoubtedly the place could be, and actually was, turned by crossing the Traun at Lambach some twenty-two miles higher up; but it is perhaps not unnatural that the old marshal and his corps, having only joined the army at Passau, and thus missed any opportunity of distinguishing themselves in this campaign, should seize the first that offered. Anyhow Pouget seems to have had no misgiving. His account of the storm is one of the most spirited things in the book, and as it differs in some points from that given in other narrations, it seems worth quoting.

'Our first obstacle was a bridge over the Traun some 400 yards long, constructed with a view to floods. At the other end of it was Ebelsberg, a little town which had already been occupied by Claparède's division of Bessières' army corps; but they had abandoned it without making any attempt on the castle, which contained 500 Hungarian grenadiers. When the 26th reached the bridge, a battery of twelve guns, posted on high ground to the left rear of the castle so as to be able to enfilade the bridge, opened fire. I sent the regiment across at the double, with the men well apart; but even so I lost seven or eight. Once across, we marched in close order by the flank, meeting neither friends nor foes. My orders were to make at once for the castle, and carry it. I did not know the approaches. I had no guide, and I could not see it for the high walls and the houses. We came upon it by a narrow street, so tortuous that we were within twenty-five paces of it when we caught sight of it. We were greeted with a volley of musketry from the entrance archway, the principal gate being at the further end of a vaulted passage 18 or 20 feet high, 14 or 15 broad, and of about the same depth. At the far end were strong wooden folding-doors, above which was a little grated window, consisting of four squares three or four inches in the side, flanked by loopholes, through which, as well as the grating, they were firing point-blank at us. I had been obliged to march on the right flank, and consequently only the first three companies of the first battalion suffered seriously. I told the pioneers to force the door, regardless of the incessant fire. It was not a thing so rapid of execution as one might think; and meanwhile the dead were piling up, till I stood on a heap of corpses to give my orders. I summoned an officer of the light company, whom I knew to be a clever shot, and made him stand near me, loaded muskets being passed up to him, which he fired into the loop-holes, handing them back when discharged. Several other officers and men who were good shots joined in the manoeuvre; the fire from the castle soon slackened, and the pioneers drove in the gate. Others meanwhile had made their way in through the cellars. Sub-lieutenant Gérard, entering a room by the door, saw a tall Hungarian grenadier coming in through another door. At the same moment a cannon-ball tore through the walls, and between the opponents; there was a short pause, and the grenadier surrendered. The castle was taken.'

Pouget going forward to check any further advance, fell in with an officer, who complained that he had no orders.

'"What is your corps?" "The Duke of Istria's, Claparède's division; it was we who took Ebelsberg." "Quite so; but you forgot the castle." "We did what we were ordered to do, Colonel."

Next day Napoleon reviewed the division, decorated the corporal of the pioneers who had struck the first blow on the castle gate, and then asked for the bravest officer in the regiment. Pouget was unwilling to make invidious distinctions, but Napoleon was not going to miss his stage effect, and the Colonel be-thought him of the lieutenant, Guyot by name, whose musket-practice had been of such service the day before. The lucky subaltern was made a baron on the spot. The next question was even more perplexing: 'Which is the bravest soldier?' A

major came to his chief's aid. 'What do you think of Private Bayonnette, Colonel?' said he. Pouget agreed, and Bayonnette was called up, to receive the Legion of Honour, and a *dotation* of 1,500 francs per annum. From that day forward Private Bayonnette took good care to keep out of action. 'Not such a fool as to go and get killed,' said he, 'now I have got my bread baked.' Even loyal Pouget, though he has 'no idea of criticising so great a man as Napoleon,' has his doubts as to the wisdom of these theatrical transformation-scenes.

At the battle of Aspern or Essling, as is well known, the heaviest fighting fell to the lot of Masséna's corps. The village of Aspern was taken and retaken repeatedly. The 26th had just taken up its position at the further end of this village, and at the extreme left of the French line, when Pouget was struck by a cannon-ball, which took off his horse's near foreleg, and the front part of his own left foot. His pioneers carried him off the field and across to the island of Lobau, which was to be the quarters of the French army for the next six weeks. As they crossed the bridge, Larrey, the great surgeon, greeted him with the words, 'Well, my dear Colonel, it is one leg the less. It could not be more honourably lost.' However, as soon as they were out of hearing of the great man, M. Amat, the regimental surgeon, remarked, 'Never mind what M. Larrey says; I undertake to cure you without amputation.' He kept his word; but it was a critical case, and Pouget was laid up for three months, missing the battle of Wagram. When the fever of his wound was at its worst, his commission as General of Brigade was brought to him. He had to give a receipt; 'I should be curious to see it now,' says he.

His service continued till the end of the Empire, and afterwards, but his career as colonel was ended. In the expedition to Moscow he commanded a brigade in Oudinot's army corps. Like his chief, he was wounded at Polotsk, and forced to lie up at Wilna. Later he was made governor of Witepsk, and being captured there by the advancing enemy in the following November, he spent some twenty months in Russia. What befell him there may be read in his book; as also his adventures during the Hundred Days. He survived till 1851.

A. J. BUTLER.

*WOLD JIMMY AND ZAIREY.*

OLD Jimmy and Zairey Manney were well known to all Barleigh folks, but as their cottage stood some distance off the highway, to the right of the first acclivity on the Suckton road, they were not often seen in Barleigh. The cottage had been tenanted by several generations of Manneys; Jimmy was born in it, and thence, at the age of sixteen, he ran away to go down to the sea in ships. Manney after Manney had lived and died in Barleigh, and his parents ever afterwards were continually bickering as to the source of the errant strain which they considered disgraced the Manney blood. When he was next seen in the village he was a tanned and bearded man, with a turn of speech and strange oaths that were a wonder in Barleigh. If I may trust the grey-beards, no other Barleighan up to that time had ever been a mariner, and for weeks a goodly company gathered nightly in the 'Blue Boar' to listen to his strange experiences. Barleigh swallowed invention and fact with the same sublime credulity; they were prepared to believe anything of 'Chaney and they world-end parts.'

It was love that overcame the wanderer in him. He never went to sea again. He told Sarah Best that she was the sweetest maid to be found the world over, and he had seen the maids of all countries. Sarah, who had never seen the ocean, but had a great horror of it, nevertheless, became his bride on the understanding that 'he would never put foot on salt water again.'

Jimmy took his bride to the ancestral home, which they shared with his widowed father, and found employment as road-mender. When the old man died, a year later, the furniture, two cows, and a pig fell to him, and the young people were well-to-do according to the Barleigh standard.

Two sons were born to them. The inherited taint manifested itself, and they both ran away to sea within three years of each other. Jimmy, the eldest, shipped as cabin-boy on board a Baltic barque, and never returned from his first voyage. Robert, who was more imaginative, betook himself to the navy, and had to retire after a Gold Coast engagement with one leg and a shattered right hand. He came home, but Barleigh was too dull

for him, and after a few weeks he made his way to Portsmouth. After vain endeavours to face the world again he was admitted into a Sailors' Home, and his parents never saw him again. It was a cup of sorrow in the old folks' lives ; they had taken a magnificent pride in their sturdy sons, who were to be the stout props on which they were to lean in their old age. Now the props were wanting, and the bitterness of it ate deep into their hearts.

Jimmy was strong and robust, and he worked for over thirty years on the Barleigh and Suckton highway—a short, ruddy-faced man with keen eyes and a tongue of homely wit. With the two cows and a few pigs and the twelve-and-six a week he accounted himself a happy man, and prided himself on his magnificent constitution that had so long defied the rains and snows and biting winds that swept over the moorland. But Nemesis lies in wait for the peasant, and sooner or later, unless he is greatly beloved by the gods, he has to succumb. There are few men who brave Nature in all her moods, day after day, that she fails to conquer at last.

One memorable Friday, when he was near his seventieth birthday, he was at work on the highway when a sudden storm of rain was driven up from the sea. It was the open moorland and there was no shelter, and he went quietly on with his work while the rain drenched him through and through. But he recked not of it ; for years he had laughed at the weather. The cloud passed, and the sun broke forth with cheery warmth, and he reached home 'only a bit dampish.' On the Sunday morning he was taken with a shivering fit, and could not go to church—the first time he had missed for a dozen years. After dinner, sitting, as was his custom, in the arm-chair near the fire, he turned pale, and, rising up, staggered out, saying he had not milked the cow. Zairey followed him, and found him clinging to the pig-sty. 'He felt a bit *'mazed*,' he said.

With a strength born of fear she got him upstairs and put him to bed. He lay unconscious for six weeks with inflammation of the brain, and when at last he was convalescent, he was but a shadow of the sturdy road-maker, and with a weakened mind that altogether failed him at times.

He never worked again. Husband and wife had been harmoniously frugal, and behind a loosened brick in the great chimney was a purse containing thirty pounds. But the sickness,

with its consequent expenses—Zairey would have died rather than plead poverty to the doctor when his bill, ‘eight pounds fifteen shillings,’ had to be paid—had made a great hole in it. When Jimmy had been an invalid for a year there was but a few pounds left, and Zairey suddenly realised that she was an old woman whose natural force was fast abating.

‘What zhall us do, Zairey? what zhall us do?’ was the burden of the old man’s complaint, as he sat in the chimney-corner in the long autumn evenings watching his wife, frail and worn herself, as she knitted unceasingly.

Zairey kept a brave front to him. It was only in solitude that she was abject before the approaching Shadow. ‘The Lord ’ll provide, Jim. We’ve bin blessed in the world’s goods zo far, and the Lord ’ll provide.’ Zairey’s tone was cheerful, and Wold Jimmy’s ears were dulled and could detect no quaver in it.

‘The things be gwain, my maid,’ the old man would say in a pitiful attempt to face the possibilities.

‘Don’t ’ee grumble now. We’ve the cow and the heifer and a few pounds left. P’raps the Lord ’ll zee fit to take us boooth at onceit avore it be all gone. Don’t ’ee worry.’

Jimmy looked at his shrunken arms mournfully. ‘And I was zo strong as a harse avore I took thik cold. Just a wetten, zame as a score ov times, and now zo weak as watter. The ways ov things, the ways ov things! . . . If we can get through the winter wi’ what we have p’raps they’ll take I—’

‘Do ’ee be quiet and don’t ’ee trouble.’

‘Iv it should come to that—’ Jimmy stopped and cast a fearful look in the direction of Suckton. At Suckton was the place of ‘Damnation.’ It is ever the skeleton at the peasant’s banquet.

Zairey laughed. ‘The bemoanen ways ov men! What pore creatures ye be! Just ’ee repeat the twenty-third Psalm, Jimmy Manney, and let that be sufficient vor ’ee.’

Zairey did not break down until she was alone. She had seen ‘Damnation’ when it was yet farther off, and she sent one oft-repeated prayer up to heaven: ‘May it please ’ee, Lord, to zee fit to take we boooth togeder thease winter.’

The spring came and Wold Jimmy’s arms were more shrunken still, and his gait was a feeble totter. Asthma had racked him all through the winter, and had left him another goodly stage nearer Helplessness. Zairey came through the winter with the burden of

many years added to her load, and the Lord had seen fit to take neither of them that winter. She comforted herself with the thought that graves were dug in the summer likewise.

In the following summer they sold the cow and heifer and their front room furniture. The proceeds carried them through the winter and the earlier days of spring. They were very near to Damnation now.

Mrs. Pointon, Mrs. Grantumen, and a few others went to console with the old couple. The same fate might be theirs, for aught they could tell, with the feebleness of old age, and the blow that felled another produced in them a tremor of disquietude.

Mrs. Pointon, for one, shed tears over them, and the old man lifted his skinny arms. 'It be wonnerful, ma'am, what a spell ov sickness do,' he cried in a querulous treble. 'Thease was mighty pow'ful a yer or two agwone. It be hard, ter'ble hard!'

'And why shouldn't us?' Zairey said pertly, when 'Damnation' was named. 'We've paid rates and taxes reglar, zo reglar as clockwork, vor nigh vorty yer. We've paid our share, and we've a right to the best in the workus. When we've paid why shouldn't us have the benefit? We've paid vor others, and we've paid reglar.'

'We knows 'ee have a right to it, and to zomethen a zight better,' said Mrs. Pointon. 'But it be ter'ble hard vor 'ee both, that be what we zay, after liven togeder man and wife zo long. And to go ther and be parted at last! It do zim hard.'

'I baint zayen it be pleasant and a vurst-rate plaâce, zo like we was gwain to the Zquire's; but we've paid vor it. Nobody can up and zay, "You haven't a right here," zeën as we've paid vor it times and agen!'

The visitors looked at one another with a mournful shake of the head. They had come to offer sympathy to those whom a fate worse than death was to befall, and it seemed as if the position was reversed, and Zairey was endeavouring to comfort them.

'But 'ee'll vind it hard,' Mrs. Pointon repeated. 'Pore Wold Jimmy 'll vind it hard down to—there. You'll not be better thought of becos you've paid vor it zo long. It be ter'ble.'

'Zo it be, zo it be, ma'am,' chimed in the old man in his pitiful quaver. 'Strong, and worked hard. And my strength went like watter—like watter, ma'am.'

'There, don't 'ee trouble, wold man,' said Zairey with a laugh. 'As 'ee haven't been able to smoke lately, not haven bacca won't

hurt 'ee, and as for beer, why, 'ee can drink watter and think it zider.'

The visitors left, sorely puzzled, and before nightfall all Barleigh knew of 'Wold Zairey's' indifference. Nobody could believe that there was any person in Barleigh who could face calmly the woeful ignominy of the workhouse.

But Zairey had other words and another face when her neighbours were gone. 'My man, my wold man,' she cried in a tempest of agony, 'we be come to the workus at last. We be disgraced at last, my man. We be gwaïn to the workus. And we worked hard—nigh vorty yer—and zaved—and held our heads zo high—the workus at last vor 'ee, wold man.'

'Don't 'ee take on, Zairey,' said the old man soothingly. 'I be strongish yet, and there be work to be had. We'll zell the cow.'

'Zell the cow? What cow? Didd'n we zell it last yer—and the heifer too? We've nothing left, nothen but the workus.'

She passed the night sobbing and crying, while the old man, whose keen days of anguish were gone, slept peacefully at her side. But the next morning, when she went into the village to make her last purchase at the grocer's, she met all condolence with the same brave words.

'Workus! why should us care? It baint as iv we be paupers. We've paid rates and taxes vor vorty yer, and we've a right to the best in the workus. Why should us mind, zeën as we baint paupers?'

The following Monday was the day fixed for the sale of their few household goods, after which they were to make that last journey together. The District Visitor called, at the Vicar's request, on the preceding Saturday, and was greatly relieved to find that there was not a hard task before her.

'Yours is quite the proper spirit, Mrs. Manney,' she said with smiling graciousness. 'The Union is food, and shelter, and comfort to those who are obliged to enter it, and, as you say, you have a perfect right to its privileges.'

Mrs. Manney murmured, 'Yes, ma'am,' very meekly, but her eyes gleamed.

'And,' went on the District Visitor, her imagination on fire with the poetry of the picture, 'they take *such* care of the poor aged folks in Suckton Union. Books! and papers! and a lovely Christmas dinner! and ladies to read good books to them! and a clergyman to preach to them! and *such* a nice dress! It really distresses me when poor people are so misguided as to object to

go in the Union. It is an insult to the good kind people who find the money to support it, and besides, it is disobeying the Bible, which tells us we are to be content in that state to which it has pleased God to call us. Union ! why the very word itself is a most beautiful one.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Zairey, a little grimly.

'And you will have old people like yourself to talk to, and you will be as happy as the day is long. You ought to be really thankful that God has chosen such a place for you.'

'Yes, ma'am, zo I be—very thankful.' Zairey was looking out of the window, and in her mind's eye saw Suckton Workhouse in all its beauty. She shivered a little, but her tone was quiet and grim. 'I should ha' been pleased iv the Lord had zeen fit to take we togeder, but Him not doen zo, the workus be the best. And I hopes, ma'am, that vor all your kindness to we, *you* may vind a home in the workus when you gets wold.'

The District Visitor looked up sharply. But Zairey's look was all innocent sympathy, and not a shade of irony was to be detected. 'Yes, yes, Mrs. Manney,' she said hurriedly. 'Whatever—whatever the Lord calls me to. And now I must be going. I shall come to see you on Monday. There are two little tracts here which I am sure will do you good. This one, "A Meek and Lowly Heart," is very suitable, very suitable. The Vicar will be pleased to hear that you are so willing to look upon the matter in a proper light. Good afternoon, Mrs. Manney, and never forget that all is for the best.'

'Good avternoon, ma'am. And may the Lord bless 'ee. I veel zure that He will—vor thease avternoon.'

Zairey took up the wooden chair on which the District Visitor had been seated, as if it were reeking with nameless horrors, and having carried it out into the garden, threw a few buckets of water over it. Then she carefully swept the floor, keeping time to the words, 'May-the-Lord-bless 'ee.' And then, having done, she sat down and cried and sobbed again.

The District Visitor reported to the Vicar that she had been to see the Manneys. The old man took little notice, but Mrs. Manney was in a very proper frame of mind, and was quite cheerful at the thought of the Union. It was a pleasing contrast to the unthankful behaviour of most in the same circumstances.

'I am very glad, Miss Geal. I feared there would be a storm,' said the Vicar. 'I hope the neighbours won't go and upset her.'

'I hope not,' said the District Visitor. 'It is quite cheering to me to find one of these poor families who can take a rational view of the matter.'

Mrs. Manney was up early on the Sunday morning. 'Get up, my man,' she said to her husband, 'we be gwain to church thease marnen vor the las' time, my man, the las' time. P'raps iv we pray togeder in the church the Lord 'll zee fit to take we togeder at once. The las' time, my man; on'y another day where we lived zo long! On'y another day!'

'We'll gwo togeder, Zairey,' said Wold Jimmy, 'and I'll zeek vor work in the marnen. Have 'ee milked thease marnen?'

It was more than a mile to church, and a very tiresome journey. Wold Jimmy could only drag himself along by the aid of his stick and his wife's arm. But she was sublimely patient—it was for the last time.

They were a strange-looking couple, and their appearance did not spell tragedy. Zairey had put on her silk dress with its wide skirt—a treasured relic of her former greatness—and her best bonnet, that was new twenty years before. It was only on special occasions that she adopted that costume—the black silk was too elegant for ordinary wear. Time was when that black silk had excited the envy of her neighbours, a black silk being the hallmark of prosperity. Wold Jimmy was dressed in his broadcloth, which had been his Sunday uniform for fifteen years, and in which he looked like a lord, Zairey had often remarked. Now it hung on his shrunken figure like an empty sack.

The old man slept through the greater part of the service. Zairey looked dejected at first, but after a time sat upright with a smile on her face. She had found comfort in the service.

When the service was over she got up to go, but sat down again, and, presently, led her husband up to the altar to take Communion together. It was for the last time.

When it was over they took leave of acquaintances who lived at a distance, and Zairey tossed up her head 'as pertsome as when she was a young maid,' said Mrs. Grantumen.

'All who can will 'ee come to zee we th' morn?' she said. 'It'll be a long time avore we come to Barleigh again very likely.'

The Vicar passed and complimented them on being so cheerful and resigned, and then, after some hand-shaking, they left the churchyard. Mrs. Pointon made them come in as they passed

her house to 'have a bit ov somethen,' and I had my first and last glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Manney.

'I'll call and zee 'ee to-morrow,' called Mrs. Pointon, as they went down the garden path.

She told me all about it after dinner. 'It be strange, zur, but Wold Zairey allus did have a dread ov the workus, and now she be like thease, zo pleased as pleased because they be gwain there. It do be strange, zur.'

Mrs. Pointon startled me about ten o'clock the next morning by rushing into my room, and after saying, 'Oh, zur!' bursting into tears.

'Oh, zur—Wold Jimmy and Zairey. She have been hiden it vrom we all. It have druv her mad. Oh dear!'

'She smothered Wold Jimmy last night wi' the pillow, zur, and then she hang herself on the stairs. Varmer Wenton's man Zam vound 'em thease marnen when he went to help with the things. Oh dear!'

'And avore she did it she wrote it all down in chalk on the table, and why she did it. And she hided it vrom we all. God help us, zur. I wish there were no workhouses!'

I saw Zairey's last message, chalked in great printed characters on the table. It ran, '*We baint gwain to the workus, I shall kill my wold man and myself, and zo the Lord will have to take we togeder. The furnisher will bury us. No workus vor we. Zairey Manney.*'

ORME AGNUS.

*THE MYSTERIES OF MONEY ARTICLES.*

‘WHEN one is abroad,’ a lady once remarked, ‘one simply devours the English papers—one reads all the advertisements, and sometimes even the money article. I wonder whether anyone ever understands money articles?’ she added. ‘I hope not,’ replied her interlocutor, a humble financial journalist, ‘for I write bits of one sometimes.’ ‘Do you indeed?’ was the answer; ‘I’m so sorry I spoke; but—couldn’t you write a translation some day, and print it in the next column?’

This little gibe was fair enough as covering a breach of the first rule in conversation—namely, Always find out the other party’s position and probable bias before you commit yourself—but the circumstances under which financial pressmen do their work acquit them of any responsibility for the unfortunately incomprehensible nature of their chronicles. A cricket reporter who always stopped to explain to the uninitiated the meaning of a wide or a no-ball would have exceeded his allotted space before the match was well begun, and the City reporter who was similarly explicit would cover at least a column before he could get away from the intricate subject of money and proceed to the fluctuations of Consols. Accordingly, both the sporting and financial correspondents have to assume some considerable knowledge of their subject on the part of their readers, though in one case the assumption is justified, since to almost every English reader a game of cricket is a living actuality, while, in the other, the City and its vagaries are a mystery to most people, including some who write about it with an air of unimpeachable authority. Nevertheless, finance now plays so important a part in diplomatic and political affairs that it is impossible to follow current history without understanding some of the dark sayings in which City journalists necessarily express their information.

In most money articles the opening sentences bristle with incomprehensibilities, for they treat of the subject of money itself. Now everybody knows what money is in the ordinary sense of the word—coins in the pocket, the power of drawing cheques, and so on; and people who only know of money in this sense rub their eyes in amazement at coming upon statements to the effect that

'money was freely offered,' 'money was a drug,' 'money was almost unusable:' and jump to the conclusion that, after all, those clever gentlemen in the City must be very stupid if they cannot find any use for their money, and that if it were only diverted into the proper channel there would be no further complaints about its being 'unusable.' Philanthropists, and others, who diligently work the City in the interests of charity and other purposes, have been known to argue that 'since money is so cheap' the free-handed stockbrokers and merchants who are their victims should double their subscriptions. But all these misapprehensions are based on the misleading fact that money is used in financial articles in a different sense from its ordinary meaning. The 'money' that is cheap or unusable is bankers' credit, which is only to be had on good security. The banks have certain funds to employ, composed of the capital subscribed by their shareholders and the deposits entrusted to them by their customers. These funds they use in various ways. Part is invested in Consols and other securities, and part in discounting bills; some, a very small proportion, is kept in hand to meet demands across the counter, and the rest of the liquid reserve is deposited with the Bank of England, which thus acts as banker to all the other banks; there is also always an item 'money at call and at short notice,' and another one 'loans and advances.' Money 'at call' is obviously money that can be recalled from the borrower any day, while if 'at short notice' it has been definitely lent for a week or ten days or a fortnight as the case may be. Loans and advances are generally arranged for longer periods, and are a matter of negotiation between the banks and their customers. The various banks differ slightly in the proportionate amounts that they devote to these items; but a balance sheet taken at random, which will serve as a specimen, shows that a total of 24,000,000*l.* on the assets side of the account is distributed in the following manner:—

	£
Cash on hand and at the Bank of England	2,728,992
Money at call and short notice	3,200,966
Investments (Consols and other securities)	2,109,245
Bills discounted	2,142,727
Loans and advances to customers	11,472,289

The balance is made up of 'contra' entries, and the valuation at which the bank's premises are taken. It will thus be seen that, besides the funds which banks invest in securities and bills and

loans to their customers, they keep a certain amount in their own tills and at their credit with the Bank of England, and lend the rest at call and at short notice in the money market, in other words to the bill-discounters. As we have seen, the banks discount bills themselves, some of them a large number of bills; but there are many firms and companies which devote themselves specially to this branch of money dealing, taking money from the banks and other large holders 'at call and short notice,' and employing it in buying bills at the current discount-rate. Thus we have discovered that the 'money' referred to at the beginning of City articles is money in the very specialised sense of the amount that the banks have available for lending in the discount market. This money becomes dear or cheap, like everything else, according to the relation of supply and demand. For instance, if the banks have heavy demands for advances from their customers, or decide for any special reason to keep a larger proportion of cash in hand and at the Bank of England, there will obviously be less for them to lend to the bill-discounters, and we shall find City editors saying that 'the supply of available money shows signs of decreasing, and rates have hardened slightly.' Then the bill-discounters, finding that they have to give more for their money and cannot rely on a free supply of it, begin to be cautious about buying bills, and insist on a higher rate of discount; and if the supply of bills is large, and holders are in a hurry to discount them and turn them into ready money, discount rates will rise rapidly until they are high enough to tempt the banks—especially foreign banks, which have a great affection for London bills as an unimpeachable security—to invest money in them. But if the scarcity of money is thought to be merely temporary, it will be profitable to the bill-discounters to pay high rates for it and put it into bills, since the money rate only holds good for a week or two, and the bills have two or three, or even six, months to run. Thus, at the end of last year, when there was a very considerable squeeze for money, bill-discounters who had made up their minds that money was to be cheap after the turn of the year were ready enough to borrow from the Bank of England at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for ten days, and take three months' bills at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and the operation paid them very well, for as soon as the year had turned they were able to pay off the Bank and borrow in the market at steadily falling rates, while the bills that they had bought were still bearing  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest. Hence it is that

in periods of stringency which are thought to be temporary, the rate at which money is borrowed by bill-discounters may often be above the rate at which it is re-invested—a matter which always seems puzzling at first sight; but is explained by the fact that money is generally taken for a week or two, and may then be renewed at easier rates, while bills are comparatively long-lived.

Shortness, tightness, scarcity, or stringency of money is thus caused when the banks are employing so much of their resources in other ways that the discount market finds its supply curtailed, or when bills come forward to be discounted so freely that discounters require an abnormal amount of money to finance them. The latter cause, however, rarely comes into play under modern conditions. The former cause acts regularly on Stock Exchange 'pay-days'—the last day of the fortnightly settlement—when all the bargains in stocks and shares entered into during the preceding fortnight have to be settled, when speculators pay their 'differences' and investors pay for their purchases on the delivery of the bonds and bearer scrip, or the transfers of registered stock and shares. A large sum necessarily changes hands on these days: the figures published every week by the Bankers' Clearing House show that even during the early months of this year, when investment and speculation were both curtailed by the fear of political disturbances, about twenty millions more were cleared on Stock Exchange pay-days than on ordinary days: so that bankers have to provide against this movement, and the discount market accordingly finds itself short, though as the stringency only lasts for a day it naturally has hardly any effect on discount rates. At the end of each month, again, there is almost always a temporary tightening of the money market, partly because salary payments and other monthly disbursements temporarily increase the amount of cash in active circulation, as is shown by the Bank of England's weekly returns, which almost invariably disclose an expansion in the note circulation at the end of each month; and still more because the banks call in money from the discount market to make a brave show in the monthly balance sheets which most of them publish. These monthly statements by the banks were thought to be a valuable step in the direction of healthy publicity, but the proceeding has degenerated into a farce, since it is well known and admitted that the banks call money in from the discount market for this express purpose—'window dressing,' as it has been felicitously termed—so that statements arrived at by

such devices give no clue as to the strength of the banks on ordinary days, when considerations of financial decency do not compel them to cover monetary nakedness with a garment of hastily called-in cash. Other causes of temporary tightness are large dividend and interest payments, as, for instance, when the great railways are distributing the half-year's profits among their fortunate shareholders, and the banks that have charge of the operation have to call in money from the market lest they run too short; of course the dividends thus paid are deposited by the shareholders with their banks and so flow back to the market ultimately, but any such large displacement diminishes, for the moment, the supply available in the discount market. On these occasions, when the discount market is at the end of its own resources and cannot borrow any more from the banks, it has to go to the Bank of England, which does not lend at a lower figure than that of its published minimum rate of discount, and sometimes on special occasions—such as the last few weeks of 1896—charges  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. or so more. At these times the discount brokers either borrow on the security of the Government and other stocks that they hold or rediscount some of their bills, so that when the money articles say that 'the Bank did a large business in loans and discounts,' we may be sure that its ordinary sources of supply have failed the market. The Bank of England, holding the reserves of all the other banks, always has plenty of money to lend, especially as the sums lent are not withdrawn, but remain, or nearly all of them, in the Bank, being credited first to the borrower and then to any bank or money dealer to whom he may transfer the credit.

The question of money has thus taken up an unconscionable amount of time, space and patience, but it is not only the first and most difficult mystery that one meets in money articles, but also by far the most important, and no one can follow the movements of the stock markets intelligently until he has grasped to some extent the meaning of that tiresome first paragraph about money. For it is obvious that the connection between the money market and the stock markets is very close. Other things being equal, when money is cheap and of low value, it will take more of it to buy a given amount of stock, and *vice versa*; in other words, as the money market rises the prices of securities will fall, and conversely; so that anyone who attempts to forecast price movements must take the condition of the money market very carefully into

consideration. The further removed any stock may be from the effects of the risks of trade and other causes that may fortuitously affect the price of a security, the more closely does it depend on the value of money. Consols, for instance, being a security absolutely above even the breath of suspicion, are very sensitive to the changes of the money market, and, except in times of panic, when holders have to sell their Consols because other securities are unsaleable, would naturally move up and down conversely with discount rates; but this natural tendency is defeated by the fact that the available supply of these securities is decreasing every year owing to the action of the Sinking Fund and the demand on behalf of the Savings Bank and the Government departments, so that even the sharp rise in the value of money that took place in the late months of 1896 had comparatively little effect on the price of Consols.

But even securities such as Home Railway stocks, which depend for their income, and so for their value, on general prosperity and the activity of home and foreign trade, respond readily to the influence of the money market. When money cannot be employed profitably in the discount market it flows naturally to the Stock Exchange, either from the banks themselves, which add to their investments, being unable to use their money 'at call and short notice,' or through their customers, who are tempted by the low money rates to borrow from their banks, invest the money in securities, and pocket the difference between the rate at which they borrowed and the rate of interest yielded by the stock in which they invested. So that when we read that 'prices advanced in all markets under the influence of cheap money,' we may infer that this process is at work; and, similarly, when the money articles say that 'the rise in the value of money is bringing large lines of pawned stock to market,' we may be sure that the banks are raising their rates on loans of this kind, and that their customers, finding their profits thus diminished or turned into losses, are selling their stock and closing the transaction.

Moreover, the Stock Exchange is itself a large borrower of money. Every fortnight, when the speculative account is 'carried over' or 'adjusted' or 'continued,' the bulls—those who have bought stock not meaning to pay for it and put it away with their other investments but to re-sell it, if possible, at a profit—have to borrow the money wherewith to satisfy their sellers. This they do by finding a dealer or money-lender who is willing, for a con-

sideration, to 'take in' the stock that they have bought, and carry it over to the next account-day: the bull sells the stock to the taker-in at a price officially fixed, called the 'making up' price, and buys it back again at the same price for the next account, paying the taker-in a rate for the use of his money; this rate is called the 'contango' rate and varies according to the market value of money, and also according to the number of bulls who wish to borrow on contango or, as it is called, 'give on' the stock which they are unable to pay for themselves. Thus if there are a great many bulls contango rates will be forced up to a high level by their competition, which forces them to offer high rates to the takers-in, but if bulls are few contango rates will be low owing to the eagerness of holders of money to employ their funds. The firmness, or otherwise, of contango rates is thus an accurate test of the position of a market. If recent purchases have been on behalf of bulls who are only waiting to 'get out' or 'unload' their stock, it is obvious that any rise in prices will bring in a host of sellers and cause a relapse; but if the stock has gone into the hands of real buyers who pay for it and take it away and so do not need to 'give on' it, the position of the market is healthy, and prices may rise without causing any 'realisations by speculators for the rise,' which are so often chronicled as a cause of depression. The carry-over day is the first day of the settlement, and it is then that we may expect to see statements such as 'Markets were generally dull, the adjustment of the account having revealed the existence of considerable commitments for the rise,' and so on. On these days also we see in the money paragraph that the banks were charging so much for fortnightly loans to the Stock Exchange in connection with the settlement; these loans, of course, are the money required to carry over the speculative account. 'Bear' sales are not a favourite form of speculation with the general public, and it is hardly necessary to explain that a bear is one who sells stock that he has not got in the hope that a fall in the price may enable him to buy it back at a lower figure. For instance, if any one foresaw a decline of trade that would seriously affect the earnings of the railways and so depress the prices of their stocks, he might act on his view by selling 1,000*l.* North-Western, say, at 200; if his expectation proved correct and the price fell to 195 he would buy back at a profit of 50*l.* on his operation. When carry-over day comes round, the bear of course does not need to borrow money, as he has not

contracted to buy stock ; he has to borrow the stock which he has sold and contracted to deliver. He thus continues his bargain by buying at the making-up price for this account and selling again at the same price for the next account, and puts the contango in his pocket. But if there are so many bears that stock is scarcer than money, instead of receiving the contango rate he has to pay a rate, called a 'backwardation,' or shortly a 'back,' for the temporary use of the stock. When the bear account is so large that the bear has to pay a backwardation to those who lend the stock and so get the use of the money given for it by the real buyer, the position of a market is necessarily very strong, as any fall would be met by purchases by bears eager to take their profits ; so that it is easy to understand money article statements such as 'Stock was very scarce for delivery at the carry-over and the contango soon eased off to "even" and finally to a stiff backwardation ; the existence of a large bear account, thus proved, caused a sharp advance in the price.' Another puzzling expression that often appears in money articles is the word 'arbitrage,' which, when used in connection with the stock markets, refers to dealings between one centre and another, for instance between London and New York. Brokers in these cities keep one another constantly advised of the prices of American shares in their respective markets and are always on the look-out for a chance of buying in London and selling in New York whenever there is a sufficient margin to make the operation profitable. Thus when prices are rising in New York, arbitrage purchases will at once be made in London, or if the range of quotations is lower on the other side, arbitrage sales set in here. Similar operations, chiefly in foreign stocks, take place between London and the Continental centres, and many provincial firms carry on an arbitrage, or 'shunting' business, with the metropolitan market.

Want of space forbids an excursion into the interesting but very complicated question of the foreign exchanges, but the technical phrases that this article has essayed to explain are probably the most obvious stumbling blocks in the way of general readers who wish to penetrate the mysteries of money articles.

HARTLEY WITHERS.

## PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

*March 1st.*—I went up to town to see my dentist. By an odd chance Tom was also going to town, and by the same train, and we narrowly escaped meeting on the platform. Tom has a deeply rooted distaste to travelling with people whom he can meet every day at home; on the rare occasions when he makes a journey he likes to pack as much novelty into the enterprise as possible, and I sympathise with the feeling. If you are a story-teller, and have a chance for an hour of an entirely new audience, it is heart-breaking to have it spoiled by the presence of some one who knows all your paradoxes and anecdotes, and sits bored. So when I saw the dog-cart approaching I retired to the waiting-room till the train came in, and then got into a smoking-carriage. I saw at the club that the poets have begun strumming again that old tune, 'The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece.' One banjo, however, that ought to be twanging fearlessly seems to be mute. It must be very useful for each political party to have a pet raid of its own, because a *tu quoque* saves a world of awkward explanation, as Mr. Rhodes under examination has discovered. I do not observe that the bards make any reference to the Cretan Minotaur, who, as he is represented in Mr. Watts's picture at the New Gallery, looks very like John Bull in his more pensive moments, on the watch for those reinforcements from Athens, which he is expected to eat up, and not altogether relishing the job. I came back by an early train. Paddington was full of Eton boys, it being St. David's Day. Though the pavements in town were absolutely dry, I remarked that every young gentleman had his trousers tucked up some three inches. I must tell our yokels this, as they like to be in the fashion on Sunday. They have already discarded the walking-cane in deference to Oxford opinion.

I have heard in a roundabout way that Tom went to town to have his photograph taken. I am more than ever pleased we did not meet, as he has always expressed himself in good set terms against the vanity of being photographed, and I should not have liked to make him blush. I wonder how he stood the ordeal. Perhaps we shall hear; for if you have broken away from a prin-

ciple there is nothing like making a complete *volte-face* and ignoring your old position. What is the explanation of the something ridiculous that attaches to the photographer's art? No one feels absurd in sitting to a painter. Is it the underbreeding of the presiding genius that gives one shame—his airs and graces, his injunctions to 'look pleasant,' or 'moisten the lips,' or 'let the light flash in the eye,' his twisting of one's elbow and spreading of one's fingers? I am inclined to think it is not altogether this, for even a Royal Academician must pose you; nor, again, is it the mere interposition of the mechanical camera, but rather the fact that everything depends upon the expression of a moment; and the attempt to choose a decent expression and maintain it on one's face, even for ten or twenty seconds, is disgusting. And then, too, the production of so many copies has the same *banal* effect as the hackneying of a phrase; so that a photograph is fitly styled a 'counterfeit presentment.'

2nd.—There has been correspondence in the 'Times' lately about an assertion of Mr. Birrell's that the Church had done little for education. One argument occurs to me that would appeal to Mr. Birrell, who is a student of English literature. The old name for the alphabet was the Christ-cross row, and this, whether it arose from the cross at the beginning of the letters, or from the letters being printed in the form of a cross, plainly shows that religion and education had in the past a good deal to do with each other. Further, Mr. Birrell, who has read his Shakespeare, cannot but remember a certain Sir Hugh Evans and a certain Holofernes whom his vicar Sir Nathaniel eulogised in these terms: 'Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners.' This does not look as if the Church hated education in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth.<sup>1</sup> Speaking of Mr.

<sup>1</sup> The haters of education were not the clergy, but, as they are still, the peasantry. Cf. this scene from '2 Henry VI.' iv. 2:

*Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The Clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and cast account.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain! . . . Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Birrell, I recollect that in one of his essays he mentions the rareness of the works of our Berkshire laureate Pye. If he does not possess the 'Summary of the Duties of a Justice of the Peace out of Sessions,' I should like the opportunity of presenting him with it. It has a few poetical entries, e.g. 'Carrots, see Turnips.' And this under Settlements: 'It would be unpardonable in *me* not to cite an authority on this case, reported in rhyme—I believe the only one in the books:

A woman having settlement  
 Married a man with none;  
 The question was, he being dead,  
 If that she had was gone?  
 Quoth Sir John Pratt, "Her settlement  
 Suspended did remain  
 Living the husband—but him dead  
 It doth revive again."  
*Chorus of Puisne Judges.*  
 "Living the husband—but him dead  
 It doth revive again."

Under the article 'Pawning' comes this anecdote: 'A soldier in the Guards came to me in Queen's Square to swear to his having lost his duplicate. I looked at the affidavit to see if it were military accoutrements, &c., that he had pawned, when to my surprise I found that he had pawned a 2*l.* bank-note for 10*s.* 6*d.* On asking an explanation of this odd circumstance, he said he received the 2*l.* note and was resolved to pass a jolly evening, but not to spend more than half-a-guinea; and to ensure this he pawned the note for that sum, and destroyed the duplicate afterwards that he might not be able to raise money on it in case his resolution should give way while he was drinking with his companions.'

Let me note here a curious specimen of old-fashioned law jargon from one of the year-books: 'Richardson Ch. Just. de C.B. al assizes at Salisbury in summer 1631 fuit assault per prisoner la condemne pur felony que puis son condemnation ject un brickbat a le dit Justice que narrowly mist & per ceo immediately fuit indictment drawn per Noy envers le prisoner & son dexter manus ampute & fix al gibbet sur que luy mesme immediatement hange in presence de Court.'

3rd.—Yesterday's storm is still raging, a remarkable event on Ash Wednesday; Nature on that day doing her best as a rule to make Lent ridiculous by a prodigality of sunshine. The poets who speak of learning lessons from Nature, ought to warn us to

pick and choose very carefully. Matthew Arnold in his 'Discourses in America,' having to praise Emerson, quoted with approval the following sentence:—'Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition Convention, or the temperance meeting, or the Transcendental Club into the fields and woods, she says to us, "So hot, my little sir!"' It must have been the list of monstrous illustrations, rather than benevolence and learning, that Matthew Arnold joined in condemning, for he has supplied the antidote to all such silly twaddle about conformity with Nature in his own sonnet, which begins, "In harmony with nature?" Restless fool,' and contains the fine lines :

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,  
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.

I suppose when Wordsworth wrote the well-known verse in the 'Tables Turned'—

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good  
Than all the sages can—

he had in mind the impulse to aspiration, as in his poem about the Rainbow, 'My heart leaps up, &c.' But other impulses are not unknown in vernal woods, bird's-nesting for instance. Certainly Eve's impulse from the famous apple-tree in the perpetual spring of Paradise, taught her more 'of moral evil and of good' than her sage husband knew before, and according to South 'Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam.' The only creatures that seem to enjoy the gale are the rooks, who make head against it for the pleasure of sailing back again.

8th.—The famous Dr. Koch of Berlin writes to the medical papers announcing his discovery of a cure for Rinderpest. I hope it may prove less of a mare's nest than his cure for consumption. When that was announced I wrote the following epigram, and should have sent it to the 'Calcutta Times,' but before I could do so the treatment was discredited :

*To the Discoverer and Destroyer of Bacillus tuberculosis.*

Harrower of hell-on-earth, thy victory  
O'er death-in-life conquers the grave for thee:  
And you, O hectic cheek and sunken eye,  
Rejoice, your fire is quenched, your worm shall die!

Before composing an epigram on the more recent discovery, I shall await events.

*A propos.*—I was told the other day by a physician that to keep vaccine in glycerine destroys the possibility of those deleterious properties of which anti-vaccinationists complain. If that is so, there should be an end of a very dangerous agitation.

Sophia seems to have taken an extraordinary fancy to Mrs. Vicar, who is certainly as sprightly as her sposo is the reverse. I overheard S. explaining, as we walked through the glasshouses to-day, that it was by a mere accident that my vines were not at the vicarage. I wish she would not wear her heart so very prominently on her sleeve before newcomers. 'These violent delights have violent ends,' and the time of grapes is not yet. Probably she has taken so decided an attachment because there is a slight coolness between her and my sister-in-law, whose personal motto is, 'Dixi, custodiam,' and who is apt to take into her custody things beyond her proper province. And it is a rule of the game in country villages not to be 'out' with everybody at once, or there could be no gossip.

10th.—Another letter has come from Eugenia in Cairo, from which I make a few detached extracts:—

A curious misunderstanding occurred on one of our first days at dinner. I admired the dress of the footmen, who were waiting, and asked if it belonged to the occupation. My host replied, 'Oh, no, they have always worn it.' I found that he had taken 'occupation' in its technical sense for the English occupation. Since then I am always hearing the word so used, and now, even if it comes in a book, it seems to jump out at me. In the 'Tempest' to-day—for I still read my daily Shakespeare lection—Gonzalo says that in his ideal 'Commonwealth' there should be 'no occupation; all men idle, all.' How many Turkish pashas wish the same!<sup>1</sup> Another phrase one is always hearing is *Shughl Inglizi*, which means 'English work,' or, as we should say, 'just like an Englishman.' It might be paraphrased by a phrase of Louis Stevenson's, 'quite mad, but wonderfully decent.' It is very comforting to find we have still left something of our old national reputation for honour. In the bazaar the other day, I protested I had spent all my money; but the Hindoo replied,

<sup>1</sup> To cap Eugenia's quotation, the French may remember with satisfaction the phrase in 'Henry IV.': 'As odious as the word *occupy*, which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted.'

'Take the things, and send me a cheque next year.' I said, 'Would you say that to a Greek?' He smiled and said, 'You also, then, have had business with Greeks.'<sup>1</sup> Our pasha, who is a great friend to the occupation, told us of a man who had some business to arrange between here and Constantinople. Here it took him, to his amazement, only five days, and did not cost a penny; whereas, at the other end, he had spent three months and 200*l.* besides in baksheesh to oil the machine. One hears plenty of stories concerning our national want of tact. A young soldier is said to have remarked to the Consul-General for Austria-Hungary, 'Hungary isn't much of a place, is it?' and then, by way of plastering the sore, 'I suppose Austria is better.' Another young Englishman, who was in the street police, arrested the coachman of a Consul-General for not moving away from the front of Shepheard's Hotel when another carriage drove up (which, as you know, is the rule for ordinary folks) and had to be dismissed to a higher post in another department. I fear, therefore, that we are thought to be honest because we are not clever enough to be anything else; and the explanation of any voluntary surrender of profit or reputation is that stupidity in that case has risen to mania. A typical instance of *Shughl Inglizi* was Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff's finding out Moughil Bey, the engineer who hadn't succeeded with the Barrage, and making the Government give him a pension. . . .

The pasha told us to-day a story of a judgment he gave, which reminded me of the Cadis in the 'Arabian Nights.' He had imported an English coachman and groom, and these did not agree with the Moslem servants, who complained that the Englishmen cursed their religion. 'In what language did they curse?' 'In Arabic.' 'How long have they been here?' 'Six months.' 'Have they had lessons in Arabic?' 'No.' 'Then they learned the phrase from you. I will tell them to curse you in English.' 'But we don't want to be cursed at all.' 'Then why do you curse

<sup>1</sup> How different is this from the old Athenian character:

τό γ' εὐσεβὲς  
μόνοις παρ' ὑμῖν ηὔρουν ἀνθρώπων ἔγω  
καὶ τούπιεικές καὶ τὸ μὴ ψευδοστομεῖν.

[Among you above all other men I have found religion and *a temper of fairness and a habit of speaking the truth.*] The Greeks in Egypt are among other things village usurers, and sell all the drink and hasheesh. It is considered a good sign that, according to the latest census, they are not increasing. One wishes they would all emigrate to Crete!

them?' And so, having extracted a promise from each party to abstain from curses, he dismissed them. . . .

One must not expect too much virtue from Orientals. In the East, as you will have noticed, the sheep and the goats are very much alike.

13th.—I went to Cherry Orchard to get some wild daffodils to take with me to town, 'in their yellow petticoat and green gown.' Everything about daffodils is interesting. The name is one of the prettiest corruptions possible; it ought to be 'affodil,' as it comes through the French from 'asphodel;' but the parasitic *d* is a great improvement. For some time both forms were in use, affodil for what we now call 'asphodel' or 'king's spear,' and 'daffodil' for the narcissus. The poets have liked both the word and the flower. Amongst their encomiums, Autolycus's song and Perdita's few lines—

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty—

have never been equalled. I wonder how many of the people who have quoted this lately know what 'take' means! Herrick's popular verses are a puzzle. Why does he say 'we weep to see you haste away so soon'? The daffodil does not haste away before noon, and if it did nobody, not even Rousseau, would drop the tear of sensibility. As usual, when there is a difficulty the oracles are dumb. Popular plant names were very vaguely and loosely applied in old days, and Herrick may have meant some other plant. Wordsworth's stanzas on the daffodils he saw dancing on the margin of Ullswater belong to his poetical prime. They were written in 1804, the same year as 'The Affliction of Margaret' and 'She was a Phantom of Delight.' The most Wordsworthian lines in it, however—

They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude—

were contributed by the poet's wife; and his sister celebrated the scene in a bit of prose no less beautiful: 'They grew among the mossy stones: some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow, the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.' I wonder how Tennyson came to think it legitimate to speak of March as a 'roaring moon of daffodil and crocus;'

probably he liked the sound of the broad vowels, and people quote it as a fine phrase instead of one of his failures.

15th.—Dentist. Then I took an omnibus down Oxford Street, and through the zeal of the authorities in repairing the asphalte we were compelled to make a *détour*, so that I was deposited at the very door of my destination, the British Museum, for which, considering the rain, I was grateful. It was what some people call an 'almost providential' circumstance. In old days we used to be taught, after Dr. Johnson, that it was a fallacy to suppose 'who drives fat oxen should himself be fat ;' is there, then, some more logical *nexus* between the thin omnibus horses and the fat coachman and fat ladies inside ? It is not improbable ; Mr. Anstey has demonstrated the solidarity of the omnibus by his narrative of the street boy who was flicked by the driver's whip, and in revenge pinched the conductor's leg. Three very fat females got out at Oxford Circus—I should think on their way to the Aquarium or some other show—and I said to myself, with a sigh of relief,

Meantime inhabit lax, ye powers of Heaven ;

but I fear, from the shocked faces of my neighbours, that I spoke out loud, as I have an uncomfortable trick of doing. I was much interested to notice on my way to the MSS. room how many people of the shabbier classes were reading the autograph letters of celebrated people exhibited in the show-cases. The spring fashions in the bonnet shops are very wonderful. One never sees men looking into hatshops—our peculiar vanity is boots. After dinner at the club I was strolling down to the House of Commons to hear the Education debate when I recollect that it was Lent, and it is an old custom with me in Lent not to go to farces. It would be a good thing if county members gave their constituents more encouragement to look in at the House. The caricatures drawn and written in the Radical press are a subtle poison that tells in time. Take Mr. Balfour, for example. Anyone who had never seen him would think from the 'Westminster Gazette' that he had a forehead 'villainously low ;' anyone who had never heard him would have no reason for disbelieving the 'Chronicle's' constant chatter about his 'childish petulance' and 'almost feminine shrewishness,' &c.

18th.—There was a curious book published at the beginning of the century called 'Æsop's Fables, with morals abstracted

from all party considerations.' Sir William Harcourt at Norwich last night supplied a beautiful instance for such a collection, whenever a new one is required. The fable he illustrated was that of 'The Man and the Satyr, or blowing hot and cold.' To quote: 'When I asked a few days ago in the House of Commons whether they would state to the House, as the Government of France had stated to their Chamber, the policy and the reasons on which it was founded, Mr. Balfour, with contempt, said: "We are not going to take an example to the English people from a foreign country like France." That was the answer he gave me amidst the applause of his supporters. (Shame.) I asked on Monday night whether the Government, after the French statement, had any announcement to make. Mr. Balfour made me an answer. . . . But at the same moment my noble friend Lord Kimberley asked the same question in the House of Lords. He was told . . . that if he wanted to know what the policy of the British Government was, he must go and read the speech of the Minister of France. (Shame.) It was a piece of cynical impertinence of which there is no example. French interests are matters with which we have nothing in common. In my opinion, such treatment as that of a subject so grave is humiliating to a nation, and it is abject in a British Minister.' In the fable the Satyr renounced the friendship of the man who blew hot and cold with the same mouth; but Sir William's audience cheered both blasts lustily. Perhaps the cheering was satirical.

20th.—I suppose the hunting season may be supposed at an end now, as the barber did not trim my eyebrows this morning. I noticed also the first adder sunning himself by —— copse. Larch rhymes with March, and the poets have noted the fact; but the larch is not careful, as a rule, to bud in March in our prosy gardens. There was, however, a rosy plumelet some ten days ago on the old tree at the bottom of the orchard, and to-day it is covered with them, thanks to the mild weather, and each streamer looks like a fibre of sea-weed stuck over with diminutive sea-anemones. But meanwhile the 'peck of March dust worth a king's ransom' has not arrived, and the sowers are beginning to despair. I read 'The Thackerays in India,' an interesting account of many civil and military servants of John Company. Sir W. W. Hunter is an accomplished penman, with perhaps just a thought too much style and sentiment, so that he occasionally drops such a flower of pathos as the following: 'On the first anniversary of his death she fol-

lowed him to her own grave' (p. 177). I am interested in the Thackerays because they sprang from my grandmother's country of Nidderdale, as did the Bensons and other strong people. The earliest reference I know to them is this, from Walbran's 'Memorials of Fountains Abbey': 'In 1336 John de Thakwra held of the abbot and convent of Fountains one messuage and thirty acres of land at Hartwith, for which he paid annually 60s., and 2s. for a close called Kerrepottes. . . . A century after, Robert Thackra kept the Grange of Brimham for the Convent, where he was occasionally visited by Abbot Greenwell, and when he settled his account in 1457 was allowed "pro expensis domini abbatis, per vices, in potu et pullis xd ob"' (p. 343). The earliest reference to the Bensons is the following: 'John Benson in 1357 held one toft and a parcel of meadow under the Convent at Swinton, near Masham, at the rent of 2s. 6d., and also a messuage and three acres of land there, for which he paid 7s. annually' (ib. 340). Both families became landowners at the suppression of the Abbey. I mentioned to —— at the time of the Archbishop's death my interest in having some roots mixed up with that good stock, and he replied politely, 'Oh, they're not much, are they?' What will people have? One would have thought four centuries of free-holding a good enough pedigree. . . . And so Addington is to be sold. Selden laughed at the parson who insisted on having his tythe<sup>1</sup> paid because he would not defraud his successor. But such selfishness is out of date.

<sup>1</sup> We always spell tythe in Berkshire with a y; but though I spell it so in my Diary, the printer will not have it. There is no such tyrant as a printer—of course, except an Editor.

*IN KEDAR'S TENTS.<sup>1</sup>*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE SOWERS,' 'WITH EDGED TOOLS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A WISE IGNORAMUS.

'God help me! I know nothing—can but pray.'

IT was Father Concha's custom to attend, at his church between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, to such wants spiritual or temporal as individual members of his flock chose to bring to him.

Thus it usually happened that the faithful found the old priest at nine o'clock sunning himself at the front door of the sacred edifice, smoking a reflective cigarette and exchanging the time of day with passers-by or such as had leisure to pause a moment.

'Whether it is body or soul that is in trouble—come to me,' he would say. 'For the body I can do a little—a very little. I have twenty pounds a year, and it is not always paid to me, but I sometimes have a trifle for charity. For the soul I can do a little more.'

After a storm of wind and rain, such as come in the winter-time, it was no uncommon sight to see the priest sweeping the leaves and dust from the church steps and using the strongest language at the bootmaker over the way whose business this was supposed to be.

'See!' he would cry to some passer-by. 'See!—it is thus that our sacristan does his work. It is for this that the Holy Church pays him fifteen—or is it twenty?—pesetas each year.'

And the bootmaker would growl and shake his head over his last; for, like most who have to do with leather, he was a man of small humour.

Here, too, mothers would bring their children—little girls cowering under their bright handkerchiefs, the mantilla of the poor, and speak with the Padre of the Confirmation and first Communion which had lately begun to hang like a cloud over the child's life.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1897 by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the United States of America.

Father Concha would take the child upon his knee as he sat on the low wall at the side of the steps, and when the mother had left them, would talk quietly with the lines of his face wonderfully softened, so that before long the little girl would run home quite happy in mind and no longer afraid of the great unknown. Here, in the spring time, came the young men with thoughts appropriate to the season, and sheepish exceedingly; for they knew that Father Concha knew all about them, and would take an unfair advantage of his opportunities, refusing probably to perform the ceremony until he was satisfied as to the ways and means and prudence of the contracting parties—which of course he had no right to do. Here came the halt, the lame, the blind, the poor and also the rich. Here came the unhappy. They came naturally and often. Here, so the bootmaker tells, came one morning a ruined man, who after speaking a few words to the Padre, produced a revolver and tried to shoot himself. And the Padre fell on him like a wild beast. And they fought, and fell and rolled down the steps together into the road, where they still fought till they were white like millers with dust. Then at last the Padre got the strong man under him and took the revolver away and threw it into the ditch. Then he fell to belabouring the would-be suicide with his fists, until the big man cried for mercy and received it not.

‘You saved his life,’ the people said.

‘It was his soul that I was caring for,’ replied the Padre with his grim smile.

Concha was not a clever man, but he was wise. Of learning he had but little. It is easy, however, to be wise without being learned. It is easier still to be learned without being wise. The world is full of such persons to-day when education is too cheap. Concha steered his flock as best he could through the stormy paths of insurrection and civil war. He ruled with a rod of iron whom he could, and such as were beyond his reach he influenced by ridicule and a patient tolerance. True to his cloth, he was the enemy of all progress and distrusted every innovation.

‘The Padre,’ said the barber, who was a talker and a radical, ‘would have the world stand still.’

‘The Padre,’ replied Concha, tenderly drying his chin with a towel, ‘would have all barbers attend to their razors. Many are so busy shouting “Advance!” that they have no breath to ask whither they are going.’

On the whole, perhaps, his autocratic rule was a beneficent one and contributed to the happiness of the little northern suburb of Ronda over which it extended. At all events, he was a watchful guardian of his flock and knew every face in his parish.

It thus happened one morning that a strange woman, who had come quietly into church to pray, attracted his attention as he passed out after matins. She was a mere peasant and ill clad. The child seated on a chair by her side and staring with wondering eyes at the simple altar and stained-glass window had a hungry look.

Concha sat down on the low wall without the doors and awaited the exit of this devotee who was not of his flock. For though, as he often said, the good God had intended him for a soldier, his own strong will and simple faith had in time produced a very passable priest who, with a grim face, went about doing good.

The woman presently lifted the heavy leathern curtain and let out into the sunlight a breath of cool, incense-laden air.

She curtsied and paused as if expecting recognition. Concha threw away his cigarette and raised his hand to his hat. He had not lifted it except to ladies of the highest quality for some years, out of regard to symptoms of senile decay which had manifested themselves at the junction of the brim and the crown.

'Have I not seen your face before, my child?' he said.

'Yes, reverendo. I am of Ronda but have been living in Xeres.'

'Ah! then your husband is no doubt a malcontent?'

The woman burst into tears, burying her face in her hands and leaning against the wall in an attitude that was still girlish. She had probably been married at fifteen.

'No, reverendo! He is a thief.'

Concha merely nodded his head. He never had been a man to betray much pious horror when he heard of ill-doing.

'The two are almost identical,' he said quietly. 'One does what the other fears to do. And is your husband in prison? Is that why you have come back? Ah! you women—in foolishness you almost equal the men!'

'No, reverendo. I am come back because he has left me. Sebastian has run away, and has stolen all his master's property. It was the Colonel Monreal of Xeres—a good man, reverendo, but a politician.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, and he was murdered, as your reverence has no doubt seen in the newspapers. A week ago it was—the day that the Englishman came with a letter.'

'What Englishman was that?' inquired Father Concha, brushing some grains of snuff from his sleeve. 'What Englishman was that, my child?'

'Oh, I do not know! His name is unknown to me, but I could tell he was English from his manner of speaking. The Colonel had an English friend who spoke so—one engaged in the sherry in Xeres.'

'Ah yes! And this Englishman, what was he like?'

'He was very tall and straight, like a soldier, and had a moustache quite light in colour, like straw.'

'Ah yes. The English are so. And he left a letter?'

'Yes, reverendo.'

'A rose-coloured letter——?'

'Yes,' said the woman looking at him with surprise.

'And tell me what happened afterwards. I may perhaps be able to help you, my child, if you tell me all you know.'

'And then, reverendo, the police brought back the Colonel who had been murdered in the streets—and I who had his Excellency's dinner on the table waiting for him!'

'And——'

'And Sebastian ate the dinner, reverendo.'

'Your husband appears to be a man of action,' said Concha with a queer smile. 'And then——'

'Sebastian sent me on a message to the town, and when I came back he was gone and all his Excellency's possessions were gone—his papers and valuables.'

'Including the letter which the Englishman had left for the Colonel?'

'Yes, reverendo. Sebastian knew that in these times the papers of a politician may perhaps be sold for money.'

Concha nodded his head reflectively and took a pinch of snuff with infinite deliberation and enjoyment.

'Yes—assuredly, Sebastian is one of those men who get on in the world—up to a certain point—and at that point they get hanged. There is in the universe a particular spot for each man—where we all think we should like to go if we had the money. For me it is Rome. Doubtless Sebastian had some such

spot, of which he spoke when he was intoxicated. Where is Sebastian's earthly paradise, think you, my child ?'

'He always spoke of Madrid, reverendo.'

'Yes—yes, I can imagine he would.'

'And I have no money to follow him,' sobbed the woman breaking into tears again. 'So I came to Ronda, where I am known, to seek it.'

'Ah, foolish woman !' exclaimed the priest severely and shaking his finger at her. 'Foolish woman to think of following such a person. More foolish still is it to weep for a worthless husband, especially in public, thus, on the church steps, where all may see. All the other women will be so pleased. It is their greatest happiness to think that their neighbour's husband is worse than their own. Failure is the royal road to popularity. Dry your tears, foolish one, before you make too many friends.'

The woman obeyed him mechanically with a sort of dumb hopelessness.

At this moment a horseman clattered past, coming from Ronda and hastening in the direction of Bobadilla or perhaps to the Casa Barenna. He wore his flat-brimmed hat well forward over the eyes, and kept his gaze fixed upon the road in front. There was a faint suggestion of assumed absorption in his attitude, as if he knew that the priest was usually at the church door at this hour, and had no desire to meet his eye. It was Larralde.

A few minutes later Julia Barenna, who was sitting at her window watching and waiting—her attitude in life—suddenly rose with eyes that gleamed and trembling hands. She stood and gazed down into the valley below, her attention fixed on the form of a horseman slowly making his way through the olive groves. Then breathlessly she turned to her mirror.

'At last !' she whispered, her fingers busy with her hair and mantilla, a thousand thoughts flying through her brain, her heart throbbing in her breast. In a moment the aspect of the whole world had changed—in a moment Julia herself was another woman. Ten years seemed to have rolled away from her heart, leaving her young and girlish and hopeful again. She gave one last look at herself and hurried to the door.

It was yet early in the day, and the air beneath the gnarled and ancient olive trees was cool and fresh as Julia passed under them to meet her lover. He threw himself out of the saddle when he saw her and, leaving his horse loose, ran to meet her.

He took her hands and raised her fingers to his lips with a certain fervour which was sincere enough. For Larralde loved Julia according to his lights, though he had another mistress, Ambition, who was with him always and filled his thoughts, sleeping or waking. Julia, her face all flushed, her eyes aglow, received his gallant greeting with a sort of breathless eagerness. She knew she had not Larralde's whole heart, and, womanlike, was not content with half.

'I have not seen you for nearly a fortnight,' she said.

'Ah!' answered Larralde, who had apparently not kept so strict an account of the days. 'Ah! yes—I know. But, dearest, I have been burning the high-roads. I have been almost to Madrid. Ah! Julia, why did you make such a mistake?'

'What mistake?' she asked with a sudden light of coquetry in her eyes. She thought he was about to ask her why she loved him. In former days he had had a pretty turn for such questions.

'In giving the letter to that scoundrel Conyngham—he has betrayed us, and Spain is no longer safe for me.'

'Are you sure of this?' asked Julia, alert. Had she possessed Larralde's whole heart she would have been happy enough to take part in his pursuits.

Larralde gave a short laugh and shrugged his shoulders.

'Heaven only knows where the letter is now,' he answered. Julia unfolded a note and handed it to him. She had received it three weeks earlier from Concepcion Vara, and it was from Conyngham, saying that he had left her note at the house of the Colonel.

'The Colonel was dead before Conyngham arrived at Xeres,' said Larralde shortly. 'And I do not believe he ever left the letter. I suspected that he had kept it as a little recommendation to the Christinos under whom he takes service. It would have been the most natural thing to do. But I have satisfied myself that the letter is not in his possession.'

'How?' asked Julia with a sudden fear that blanched her face.

Larralde smiled in rather a sickly way and made no answer. He turned and looked down the avenue.

'I see Father Concha approaching,' he said; 'let us go towards the house.'

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

'The woman who loves you is at once your detective and accomplice.'

THE old priest was walking leisurely up the avenue towards the Casa Barenna when the branches of a dwarf ilex were pushed aside and there came to him from their leafy concealment, not indeed a wood-nymph, but Señora Barenna with her finger at her lips.

'Hush!' she said; 'he is here.'

And from the anxious and excited expression of her face it became apparent that madame's nerves were astir.

'Who is here?'

'Why, Esteban Larralde, of course.'

'Ah,' said Concha patiently. 'But need we for that hide behind the bushes and walk on the flower-borders? Life would be much simpler, Señora, if people would only keep to the foot-path. Less picturesque, I allow you, but simpler. Shall I climb up a tree?'

The lady cast her eyes up to heaven and heaved an exaggerated sigh.

'Ah—what a tragedy life is!' she whispered, apparently to the angels, but loud enough for her companion to hear.

'Or a farce,' said Concha, 'according to our reading of the part. Where is Señor Larralde?'

'Oh, he has gone to the fruit garden with Julia—there is a high wall all round and one cannot see. She may be murdered by this time. I knew he was coming from the manner in which she ran down stairs. She walks at other times.'

Concha smiled rather grimly.

'She is not the first to do that,' he said, 'and many have stumbled on the stairs in their haste.'

'Ah! You are a hard man—a terrible man with no heart. And I have no one to sympathise with me. No one knows what I suffer. I never sleep at night—not a wink—but lie and think of my troubles. Julia will not obey me. I have warned her not to rouse me to anger—and she laughs at me. She persists in seeing this terrible Esteban Larralde—a Carlist, if you please.'

'We are all as God made us,' said Concha—'with embellishments added by the Evil One,' he added in a lower tone.

'And now I am going to see General Vincente. I shall tell

him to send soldiers. This man's presence is intolerable—I am not obeyed in my own house,' cried the lady. 'I have ordered the carriage to meet me at the lower gate. I dare not drive away from my own door. Ah, what a tragedy!'

'I will go with you, since you are determined to go,' said Concha.

'What! And leave Julia here with that terrible man?'

'Yes,' answered the priest. 'Happiness is a dangerous thing to meddle with. There is so little of it in the world and it lasts so short a time.'

Señora Barenná indicated by a sigh and her attitude that she had had no experience in the matter. As a simple fact she had been enabled all through her life to satisfy her own desires—the subtlest form of misfortune.

'Then you would have Julia marry this terrible man,' said the lady, shielding her face from the sun with the black fan which she always carried.

'I am too old and too stupid to take any active part in my neighbour's affairs. It is only the young and inexperienced who are competent to do that,' answered the priest.

'But you say you are fond of Julia.'

'Yes,' said the priest quietly.

'I wonder why.'

'So do I,' he said in a tone that Señora Barenná never understood.

'You are always kinder to her than you are to me,' went on the lady in her most martyred manner. 'Her penances are always lighter than mine. You are patient with her and not with me. And I am sure I have never done you any injury—'

The old Padre smiled. Perhaps he was thinking of those illusions which she had during the years pulled down one by one—for the greater peace of his soul.

'There is the carriage,' he said. 'Let us hasten to General Vincente—if you still wish to see him.'

In a few minutes they were rattling along the road, while Esteban Larralde and Julia sat side by side in the shade of the great wall that surrounded the fruit garden. And one at least of them was gathering that quick harvest of love which is like the grass of the field, inasmuch as to-day it is, and to-morrow is not.

General Vincente was at home. He was one of those men who are happy in finding themselves where they are wanted. So

many have, on the contrary, the misfortune to be always absent when they are required, and the world soon learns to progress without them.

'That man—that Larralde is in Ronda,' said Señora Barenna bursting in on the General's solitude. Vincente smiled, and nevertheless exchanged a quick glance with Concha, who confirmed the news by a movement of his shaggy eyebrows.

'Ah, these young people!' exclaimed the General with a gay little sigh. 'What it is to be young and in love! But be seated, Iñez—be seated. Padre—a chair.'

'What do you propose to do?' asked Señora Barenna breathlessly, for she was stout and agitated and had hurried up the steps.

'When, my dear Iñez—when?'

'But now—with this man in Ronda. You know quite well he is dangerous. He is a Carlist. It was only the other day that you received an anonymous letter saying that your life was in danger. Of course it was from the Carlists, and Larralde has something to do with it; or that Englishman—that Señor Conyngham with the blue eyes. A man with blue eyes—bah! Of course he is not to be trusted.'

The receiver of the anonymous warning seemed to be amused.

'A little sweeping, your statements, my dear Iñez. Is it not so? Now, a lemonade; the afternoon is warm.'

He rose and rang the bell.

'My nerves,' whispered the Señora to Concha. 'My nerves—they are so easily upset.'

'The liqueurs,' said the General to the servant with perfect gravity.

'You must take steps at once,' urged Señora Barenna when they were alone again. She was endowed with a magnificent imagination without much common-sense to hold it in check, and at times persuaded herself that she was in the midst, and perhaps the leader, of a dangerous whirl of political events.

'I will, my dear Iñez; I will. And we will take a little maraschino, to collect ourselves, eh?'

And his manner quite indicated that it was he and not Madame Barenna who was upset. The lady consented, and proceeded to what she took to be a consultation, which in reality was a monologue. During this she imparted a vast deal of information, and received none in return, which is the habit of voluble

people, and renders them exceedingly dangerous to themselves and useful to others.

Presently the two men conducted her to her carriage, with many reassurances.

'Never fear, Iñez; never fear. He will be gone before you return,' said the General, with a wave of the hand. He had consented to invite Julia to accompany Estella and himself to Madrid, where she would be out of harm's way.

The two men then returned to the General's study, and sat down in that silence which only grows to perfection on the deep soil of a long-standing friendship.

Vincente was the first to speak.

'I have had a letter from Madrid,' he said, looking gravely at his companion. 'My correspondent tells me that Conyngham has not yet presented his letter of introduction, and so far as is ascertainable, has not arrived in the capital. He should have been there six weeks ago.'

The Padre took a pinch of snuff, and held the box out towards his companion, who waved it aside. The General was too dainty a man to indulge in such a habit.

'He possessed no money, so he cannot have fallen a victim to thieves,' said Concha.

'He was accompanied by a good guide, and an honest enough scoundrel, so he cannot have lost his way,' observed the General with a queer expression of optimistic distress on his face.

'His movements were not always above suspicion——' the priest closed his snuff-box and laboriously replaced it in the pocket of his cassock.

'That letter—it was a queer business!' and the General laughed.

'Most suspicious.'

There was a silence, during which Concha sneezed twice with enjoyment and more noise than is usually considered necessary.

'And your letter,' he said carefully folding his handkerchief into squares; 'that anonymous letter of warning that your life is threatened—is that true? It is the talk of Ronda.'

'Ah, that!' laughed Vincente. 'Yes, it is true enough. It is not the first time—a mere incident, that is all.'

'That which the Señora Barenna said just now,' observed the priest slowly, 'about our English friend—may be true. Some-

times thoughtless people arrive at a conclusion which eludes more careful minds.'

'Yes—my dear Padre—yes.'

The two grey-headed men looked at each other for a moment in silence.

'And yet you trust him,' said Concha.

'Despite myself, despite my better judgment, my dear friend.'

The priest rose and went to the window which overlooked the garden.

'Estella is in the garden?' he asked, and received no answer.

'I know what you are thinking,' said the General. 'You are thinking that we should do well to tell Estella of these very distressing suspicions.'

'For you it does not matter,' replied the priest. 'It is a mere incident, as you say. Your life has been attempted before, and you killed both the men with your own hand, if I recollect aright.'

Vincente shrugged his shoulders and looked rather embarrassed.

'But a woman,' went on Concha, 'cannot afford to trust a man against her better judgment.'

By way of reply the General rose and rang the bell, requesting the servant when he answered the summons to ask the Señorita to spare a few moments of her time.

They exchanged no further words until Estella came, hurrying into the room with a sudden flush on her cheeks and something in her dark eyes that made her father say at once—

'It is not bad news that we have, my child.'

Estella glanced at Concha and said nothing. His wise old eyes rested for a moment on her face with a little frown of anxiety.

'We have had a visit from the Señora Barenna,' went on the General, 'and she is anxious that we should invite Julia to go to Madrid with us. It appears that Esteban Larralde is still attempting to force his attentions on Julia, and is at present in Ronda. You will not object to her coming with us!'

'Oh no,' said Estella without much interest.

'We have also heard rather disquieting news about our pleasant friend Mr. Conyngham,' said the General examining the tassel of his sword. 'And I think it is only right to tell you that I fear we have been deceived in him.'

There was silence for a few moments, and then Vincente spoke again.

'In these times, one is almost compelled to suspect one's nearest friends. Much harm may be done by being over trustful, and appearances are so consistently against Mr. Conyngham that it would be folly to ignore them.'

The General waited for Estella to make some comment and after a pause continued :

'He arrived in Ronda under singularly unfortunate circumstances, and I was compelled to have his travelling companion shot. Then occurred that affair of the letter, which he gave to Julia—an affair which has never been explained. Conyngham would have to show me that letter before I should be quite satisfied. I obtained for him an introduction to General Espartero in Madrid. That was six or seven weeks ago. The introduction has not been presented nor has Conyngham been seen in Madrid. In England, on his own confession, he was rather a scamp; why not the same in Spain?'

The General spread out his hands in his favourite gesture of depreciation. He had not made the world, and while deeply deplored that such things could be, he tacitly admitted that the human race had not been, creatively speaking, a complete success.

Father Concha was brushing invisible grains of snuff from his cassock sleeve and watching Estella with anxious eyes.

'I only tell you, my dear,' continued the General, 'so that we may know how to treat Mr. Conyngham should we meet him in Madrid. I liked him. I like a roving man—and many Englishmen are thus wanderers—but appearances are very much against him.'

'Yes,' admitted Estella quietly. 'Yes.'

She moved towards the door, and there turning looked at Concha.

'Does the Padre stay to dinner?' she asked.

'No, my child, thank you. No; I have affairs at home.'

Estella went out of the room, leaving a queer silence behind her.

Presently Concha rose.

'I, too, am going to Madrid,' he said. 'It is an opportunity to press my claim for the payment of my princely stipend, now two years overdue.'

He walked home on the shady side of the street, exchanging

many salutations, pausing now and then to speak to a friend. Indeed nearly every passer-by counted himself as such.

In his bare room, where the merest necessities of life scarce had place, he sat down thoughtfully. The furniture, the few books, his own apparel, bespoke the direst poverty. This was one who, in his simplicity, read his Master's words quite literally, and went about his work with neither purse nor scrip. The priest presently rose and took from a shelf an old wooden box quaintly carved and studded with iron nails. A search in the drawer of the table resulted in the finding of a key and the final discovery of a small parcel at the bottom of the box, which contained letters and other papers.

'The rainy day—it comes at last,' said the Padre Concha, counting out his little stock of silver with the care that only comes from the knowledge that each coin represents a self-denial.

## CHAPTER XV.

### AN ULTIMATUM.

'I do believe yourself against yourself.'

NEITHER Estella nor her father had a great liking for the city of Madrid, which indeed is at no time desirable. In the winter it is cold, in the summer exceedingly hot, and during the changes of the seasons of a treacherous weather difficult to surpass. The social atmosphere was no more genial at the period with which we deal. For it blew hot and cold, and treachery marked every change.

Although the Queen Regent seemed to be nearing at last a successful issue to her long and eventful struggle against Don Carlos, she had enemies nearer home whose movements were equally dangerous to the throne of the child queen.

'I cannot afford to have an honest soldier so far removed from the capital,' said Christina, who never laid aside the woman while playing the queen, as Vincente kissed her hand on presenting himself at Court. The General smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

'What did she say? What did she say?' the intriguers whispered eagerly as the great soldier made his way towards the door, with the haste of one who was no courtier. But they received no answer.

The General had taken a suite of rooms in one of the hotels on the Puerta del Sol and hurried thither well pleased to have escaped so easily from a palace where self-seeking—the grim spirit that haunts the abodes of royalty—had long reigned supreme. There was, the servants told him, a visitor in the salon—one who had asked for the General, and on learning of his absence had insisted on being received by the Señorita.

‘That sounds like Conyngham,’ muttered the General, unbuckling his sword—for he had but one weapon, and wore it in the presence of the Queen and her enemies alike.

It was indeed Conyngham, whose gay laugh Vincente heard before he crossed the threshold of Estella’s drawing-room. The Englishman was in uniform, and stood with his back turned towards the door by which the General entered.

‘It is Señor Conyngham,’ said Estella at once, in a quiet voice, ‘who has been wounded and six weeks in the hospital.’

‘Yes,’ said Conyngham. ‘But I am well again now! And I got my appointment while I was still in the Sisters’ care.’

He laughed, though his face was pale and thin, and approached the General with extended hand. The General had come to Madrid with the intention of refusing to take that hand, and those who knew him said that this soldier never swerved from his purpose. He looked for a moment into Conyngham’s eyes, and then shook hands with him. He did not disguise the hesitation, which was apparent to both Estella and the Englishman.

‘How were you wounded?’ he asked.

‘I was stabbed in the back on the Toledo road, ten miles from here.’

‘Not by a robber—not for your money.’

‘No one ever hated me or cared for me on that account,’ laughed Conyngham.

‘Then who did it?’ asked General Vincente, unbuttoning his gloves.

Conyngham hesitated.

‘A man with whom I quarrelled on the road,’ he made reply; but it was no answer at all, as hearers and speaker alike recognised in a flash of thought.

‘He left me for dead on the road, but a carter picked me up and brought me to Madrid, to the hospital of the Hermanas, where I have been ever since.’

There were flowers on the table, and the General stooped over

them with a delicate appreciation of their scent. He was a great lover of flowers, and indeed had a sense of the beautiful quite out of keeping with the colour of his coat.

'You must beware,' he said, 'now that you wear the Queen's uniform. There is treachery abroad, I fear. Even I have had an anonymous letter of warning.'

'I should like to know who wrote it,' exclaimed Conyngham, with a sudden flash of anger in his eyes.

The General laughed pleasantly.

'So should I,' he said. 'Merely as a matter of curiosity.'

And he turned towards the door, which was opened at this moment by a servant.

'A gentleman wishing to see me—an Englishman, as it would appear,' he continued, looking at the card.

'By the way,' said Conyngham, as the General moved away, 'I am instructed to inform you that I am attached to your staff as extra aide-de-camp during your stay in Madrid.'

The General nodded and left Estella and Conyngham alone in the drawing-room. Conyngham turned on Estella.

'So that I have a right to be near you,' he said, 'which is all that I want.'

He spoke lightly enough, as was his habit; but Estella, who was wise in those matters that women know, preferred not to meet his eyes, which were grave and deep.

'Such things are quickly said,' Estella retorted.

'Yes—and it takes a long time to prove them.'

The General had left his gloves on the table. Estella took them up and appeared to be interested in them.

'Perhaps a lifetime,' she suggested.

'I ask no less, Señorita.'

'Then you ask much.'

'And I give all—though that is little enough.'

They spoke slowly—not bandying words but exchanging thoughts. Estella was grave. Conyngham's attitude was that which he ever displayed to the world—namely, one of cheerful optimism, as behoved a strong man who had not yet known fear.

'Is it too little, Señorita?' he asked.

She was sitting at the table and would not look up—neither would she answer his question. He was standing quite close to her—upright in his bright uniform, his hand on his sword—and all her attention was fixed on the flowers which had called forth

the General's unspoken admiration. She touched them with fingers hardly lighter than his.

'Now that I think of it,' said Conyngham after a pause, 'what I give is nothing.'

Estella's face wore a queer little smile, as of a deeper knowledge.

'Nothing at all,' continued the Englishman. 'For I have nothing to give, and you know nothing of me.'

'Three months ago,' answered Estella, 'we had never heard of you—and you had never seen me,' she added with a little laugh.

'I have seen nothing else since,' Conyngham replied deliberately; 'for I have gone about the world a blind man.'

'In three months one cannot decide matters that affect a whole lifetime,' said the girl.

'This matter decided itself in three minutes, so far as I am concerned, Señorita, in the old palace at Ronda. It is a matter that time is powerless to affect one way or the other.'

'With some people; but you are hasty and impetuous. My father said it of you—and he is never mistaken.'

'Then you do not trust me, Señorita.'

Estella had turned away her face so that he could only see her mantilla and the folds of her golden hair gleaming through the black lace. She shrugged her shoulders.

'It is not due to yourself, nor to all who know you in Spain, if I do,' she said.

'All who know me?'

'Yes,' she continued; 'Father Concha, Señora Barenna, my father, and others at Ronda.'

'Ah! And what leads them to mistrust me?'

'Your own actions,' replied Estella.

And Conyngham was too simple-minded, too inexperienced in such matters to understand the ring of anxiety in her voice.

'I do not much mind what the rest of the world thinks of me,' he said; 'I have never owed anything to the world nor asked anything from it. They are welcome to think what they like. But with you it is different. Is it possible, Señorita, to make you trust me?'

Estella did not answer at once. After a pause she gave an indifferent jerk of the head.

'Perhaps,' she said.

'If it is possible, I will do it.'

'It is quite easy,' she answered, raising her head and looking out of the window with an air that seemed to indicate that her interests lay without and not in this room at all.

'How can I do it?'

She gave a short, hard laugh, which to experienced ears would have betrayed her instantly.

'By showing me the letter you wrote to Julia Barenna,' she said.

'I cannot do that.'

'No,' she said significantly. 'A woman fighting for her own happiness is no sparing adversary.'

'Will nothing else than the sight of that letter satisfy you, Señorita?'

Her profile was turned towards him—delicate and proud, with the perfect chiselling of outline that only comes with a long descent, and bespeaks the blood of gentle ancestors. For Estella Vincente had in her veins blood that was counted noble in Spain—the land of a bygone glory.

'Nothing,' she answered. 'Though the question of my being satisfied is hardly of importance. You asked me to trust you, and you make it difficult by your actions. In return I ask a proof, that is all.'

'Do you want to trust me?'

He had come a little closer to her, and was grave enough now.

'Why do you ask that?' she inquired in a low voice.

'Do you want to trust me?' he asked, and it is to be supposed that he was able to detect an infinitesimal acquiescent movement of her head.

'Then, if that letter is in existence, you shall have it,' he said. 'You say that my actions have borne evidence against me. I shall trust to action and not to words to refute that evidence. But you must give me time—will you do that?'

'You always ask something.'

'Yes, Señorita, from you; but from no one else in the world.'

He gave a sudden laugh and walked to the window, where he stood looking at her.

'I suppose,' he said, 'I shall be asking all my life from you. Perhaps that is why we were created, Señorita—I to ask, you to give. Perhaps that is happiness, Estella.'

She raised her eyes but did not meet his, looking past him through the open window. The hotel was situated at the lower

end of the *Puerta del Sol*—the quiet end, and farthest removed from the hum of the market and the busy sounds of traffic. These only came in the form of a distant hum, like the continuous roar of surf upon an unseen shore. Below the windows a passing waterseller plied his trade, and his monotonous cry of 'Aqua-a-a! Aqua-a-a!' rose like a wail—like the voice of one crying in that human wilderness where solitude reigns as surely as in the desert.

For a moment Estella glanced at Conyngham gravely, and his eyes were no less serious. They were not the first, but only two out of many millions, to wonder what happiness is and where it hides in this busy world.

They had not spoken or moved when the door was again opened by a servant, who bowed towards Conyngham and then stood aside to allow ingress to one who followed on his heels. This was a tall man, white-haired and white of face. Indeed, his cheeks had the dead pallor of paper, and seemed to be drawn over the cheek-bones at such tension as gave to the skin a polish like that of fine marble. One sees many such faces in London streets, and they usually indicate suffering, either mental or physical.

The stranger came forward with a perfect lack of embarrassment, which proved him to be a man of the world. His bow to Estella clearly indicated that his business lay with Conyngham. He was the incarnation of the Continental ideal of the polished, cold Englishman, and had the air of a diplomat such as this country sends to foreign Courts to praise or blame, to declare friendship or war with the same calm suavity and imperturbable politeness.

'I come from General Vincente,' he said to Conyngham, 'who will follow in a moment, when he has despatched some business which detains him. I have a letter to the General, and am, in fact, in need of his assistance.'

He broke off, turning to Estella, who was moving towards the door.

'I was especially instructed,' he said quickly to her, 'to ask you not to leave us. You were, I believe, at school with my nieces in England, and when my business, which is of the briefest, is concluded, I have messages to deliver to you from Mary and Amy Mainwaring.'

Estella smiled a little and resumed her seat.

Then the stranger turned to Conyngham.

'The General told me,' he went on in his cold voice, without a gleam of geniality or even of life in his eyes, 'that if I followed the servant to the drawing-room I should find here an English aide-de-camp who is fully in his confidence, and upon whose good-nature and assistance I could rely.'

'I am for the time General Vincente's aide-de-camp, and I am an Englishman,' answered Conyngham.

The stranger bowed.

'I did not explain my business to General Vincente,' said he, 'who asked me to wait until he came, and then tell the story to you both at one time. In the meantime I was to introduce myself to you.'

Conyngham waited in silence.

'My name is Sir John Pleydell,' said the stranger quietly.

*(To be continued.)*

